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YOU ARE HERE – THE JOURNAL OF CREATIVE GEOGRAPHY | PEACE & PLACE

VOL. XX

YOU ARE HERE

THE JOURNAL OF CREATIVE GEOGRAPHY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

PEACE & PLACE



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PEACE & PLACE

Volume XX

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School of Geography & Development
University of Arizona

You Are Here is made possible by grants, donations and subscriptions. We would like to thank all of the journal's readers and supporters, as well as the following institutions at the University of Arizona for their sponorship of this 2018 issue:

The College of Social & Behavioral Sciences
The Graduate College
The Office of the Vice President for Student Affairs
The School of Geography & Development

Editor: Taylor Kathryn Miller

Design: Chase Lang - chaselang.com

Cover Image: Maya Avis - Jojoba growing near Gaza (April 6, 2018)

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TAYLOR MILLER
LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

The natural follow-up to last year's *You Are Here*, which centered on war, is peace. Not only because of my Tolstoy-esque delusions, but because at this very moment, I'm not certain if I know what peace really looks like. No less how to define it. But this year's journal celebrates the 20th anniversary of *You Are Here*, so to mark the occasion, I tried.

Despite aims of compiling photographs, poems and long-form pieces about understanding, envisioning and reinscribing peace, the storyline kept drifting to war.

The brazen cruelty, ignorance and negligence of this administration—with its racist, sexist, xenophobic, white supremacist imperatives – proves physically and emotionally crippling. There are many early mornings, before the sun rises in Tucson, when I lay still and hear the earth weeping. Hundreds if not thousands of children are still currently caged in Tornillo, McAllen and Brownsville. China currently holds over one million Uighur Muslims, Kazakhs and other ethnic minorities in detention camps in Xinjiang. Venezuelans reported losing an average 24lbs in body weight last year and nearly 90 percent of the country now lives in poverty, due to a devastating economic crisis and food shortages. Yemen, dubbed the "worst humanitarian crisis in the world," is where food is a weapon of war; the Saudi-led coalition's blockade of air, land and sea imperils millions with famine, joblessness and homelessness. At least one million Yemenis have contracted cholera in the last two years.

Meanwhile, Flint, Michigan's water is still poisoned. Puerto Rico, still reeling from Hurricane Maria, has embarked on an austerity program which includes "slashing public assistance and government support to municipalities and institutions like Puerto Rico's robust university system, as well as major cuts to public education and a massive slate of school closings."[1] Thousands have been killed by tsunamis in Indonesia and Japan and by floodwaters in Kerala, India. War crimes are committed on a near weekly basis in Palestine; medics, journalists and children killed by snipers during the Great March of Return in Gaza. Killed for simply existing. As of early October, there are 1,777 recorded migrant deaths in the Mediterranean Sea for 2018. [2] There have been over 250 mass shootings in the United States this year. Women everywhere are telling us they've been raped, and the world refuses to believe them.

My reasons for making such lists, albeit in painfully broad strokes, is to remind us of these terrors, these wars, that persist and deeply impact people's daily lives—even when the media's attention fades. Thinking of the scale of this hurt and destruction can cause emotional paralysis. I consistently wrestle with what it means to *stand for, stand with* and *stand against*. What could I possibly do to help? Wearing a pink hat doesn't halt crippling legislation. Clicking 'share' on a link or petition will not overhaul the arms industry nor lead to a more equitable labor market. Everywhere, everyone is hurting and I, we, are not doing enough. So, how then, do we create peace?

Peace starts from within, some say. That's fine. But what about those glances in the mirror, or downward towards your toes. Body dysmorphia buried deep in your flesh,

only allowing you to see horror and shame? How can we feel at peace in the world when every imaginable sign, ad, film, song, or "friend" or stranger's glare reminds us that we're never enough?

It is not a flippant call for me to plea with you to turn your despair into action; to be the whistleblower, the picketer, the one who sits-in, the one who facilitates teach-ins and teach-outs, who agitates-instigates-advocates for grassroots direct action, learning *from* and teaching *to*, outstretching your hand to the youngest and eldest, trading in your role as gatekeeper to all-includer, to read more and create more and uplift more and find more things to be *for* rather than *against*...because apathy is no option.

Journalist Amy Goodman writes:

> People often ask us in our travels, "What gives you hope?" "You do," we reply time and again...Protesting is an act of love. It is born of a deeply held conviction that the world can be a better, kinder place. Saying "no" to injustice is the ultimate declaration of hope...[The] veil has long since fallen in America. The crimes—racist arrests, war, illegal surveillance, torture, roundup of immigrants, to name a few—are happening in plain sight. These violations will not simply stop with a change in leadership in Washington—unless we force an end to the crimes and the criminals. Democrats and Republicans alike have been served notice that lip service and deception will not satisfy the new generation of activists that is demanding real change and real democracy. Now more than ever, it is imperative to defend our liberties. Speak truth to power. Fight for those who can't. Demand peace, and end the bloodshed. And save our struggling planet.[3]

I needed the brilliant minds in these pages to help understand and articulate peace. Old friends and new, scholars/activists/artists/doers whose bodies of work in one way or another contributes to a better world. Each body, every community in these pages is distinct and bears the weight of worry or self-consciousness, oppression or generations of preconceptions that can stifle growth. Yet, amidst the doubt, fear or agitation, these thinkers and makers are fighting for change; united in their ambitions for freer borders, a more cared for environment and meaningful interpersonal connection that supersedes stigma or stipulation. We have the tools we need for peace. Now let us recommit to the work.

[1] Newkirk II, V. R. (2018). "The Situation in Puerto Rico is Untenable." Retrived from https://www.theatlantic.com/politics/archive/2018/09/hurricane-maria-anniversary-puerto-rico-trump/570928/

[2] IOM Global Migration Data Analysis Centre. "Missing Migrants: Tracking Deaths Along Migratory Routes." Retrieved from http://missingmigrants.iom.int/region/mediterranean

[3] Goodman, A., & Goodman, D. (2008). Standing up to the madness: Ordinary heroes in extraordinary times. New York: Hyperion.



Ajami, Palestine (2018)



KIMI EISELE
VIEW: ON THE SIGNIFICANCE
OF PLACES, 1998-2018

We never quite know where the arrows will land. But we shoot them anyway, in good faith that a life adds up to something as long as we pay attention, adapt, focus, relax. When I started *You Are Here* as a graduate student 20 years ago, I did it mostly for myself, a way to create something within a discipline that excited and confused me. The endeavor—and then the journal itself—offered a kind of map to accompany my studies and my life; a map full of personal reflections, creative responses and insightful musings on spaces and places, big or small, real or imaginary.

We need maps, or approximations of maps, to help us through the narrows, the places that squeeze and challenge us, the places we think we can't bear, until we can. Any single life knows dozens of such narrows, some slimmer than others, and no one from the outside can judge the pressures of our own passages. Those of us who read, however, know that the words of others can sometimes make those passages easier—if Ernest Shackleton or Dolores Huerta or Roxane Gay did it, we say, so can I.

In *You Are Here*, I wanted to remember the voices of individuals, to hear stories that could bring specificity to the theories and make the methodologies more visible. I wanted to read about the geography of someone's garden, someone's grief, someone's gumption. I wanted humor. I didn't want to ignore conflict, but I wanted also to remember peace. So I asked for it.

I find it remarkable that the journal still lives, adopted each year by another student of geography, someone new to the discipline or someone already familiar with its theories and principles, its frameworks and realities. With curiosity and willingness, each of these students kept the pages coming, making this journal its own place, a repository for the renderings I once asked for. In their own way, in spite of—or perhaps because of—unique and personal pressures, they have continued to ask for those stories. And we are all lucky for that.

Since places are really just stories in three dimensions, I'm offering up 20 micro stories of significant places from the past two decades. A gazetteer of sorts, it's mostly personal, but you're in there too, because, well, the butterfly effect and also because the internet and because no list is ever complete until someone picks it up and follows it.

1. A vacant office in a squat, peach-colored building with turquoise trim on the east side of the University of Arizona campus. It wasn't a geography office, but a generous loan from the Library Sciences department. Outside was a hot courtyard and some vegetation—maybe a palm tree? Inside was a desk, a chair and a computer, where I edited and designed the first issue of the journal in 1998. I was following inspiration from a crew of graduate students I'd met at Penn State, where I got my undergraduate degree, who'd started a journal called *Globehead*, full of creative ideas and humor. The office in that hot courtyard wasn't exactly lively. I spent most afternoons in there by myself trying to learn PageMaker. But I had buoys in the words and images. And I had some faith and confidence. And soon I had a journal.

2. The back of the goal net in the Rose Bowl Stadium, California, where Brandi Chastain planted a penalty kick for the U.S. Women's National Team to win the 1999 World Cup Soccer tournament. I saw the kick, the goal, the win, and Chastain's power-girl response through a television screen in Tucson.

3. Storefront, 118 E. Congress St., Tucson, AZ, where teenagers came every afternoon to learn writing, interviewing and photography to tell stories about their city for a magazine called *110 Degrees*, after Tucson's longitudinal coordinate. I was their writing mentor. In 2000, there were three places to eat downtown, plus Walgreen's, which closed a year later. In 1938, 118 E. Congress was McWhorter's Music store. Now it is a bar where you can eat donuts and drink whiskey at the same time.

4. World Trade Center, New York, NY, where the twin towers disappeared in 2001, revealing to some Americans the geography of the Middle East, and to others, the topography of terror.

5. Purple yoga sticky mat: rectangular, thin, rollable. Starting in 2002 or thereabouts, it became a kind of portable home for me.

6. The city skyline, Baghdad, Iraq, which erupted in orange and white explosions the night in early April 2003 that the United States unleashed "shock and awe" airstrikes. Baghdad remains an imaginary city for me, but one always lit in memory by those explosions.

7. Apartment 16-B, Washington Square Village, New York City, which my family rented during the 2004 Christmas holiday and made tamales while much of Indonesia was being drowned by a tsunami.

8. Playa Azúl, Michoacán, Mexico, where in August 2005, I watched a golfina, or olive ridley sea turtle, waddle onto the sand and lay eggs, while members of a fishing cooperative-turned-turtle-patrol stood guard protecting her.

9. My pelvis, where a life started, then stopped, growing in 2006. The place became a gateway into a dark cavern of longing where I stayed for nearly a decade.

10. A moving rectangle of sunlight on the gray Marley dance floor of the Holmberg-Eichman Dance Studio, Franklin & Marshall College, within which I made a dance in June 2007.

11. The roof of the Pennington Street Parking garage, downtown Tucson, offered a bird's eye view of a city full of sighs (and vacant lots). In November 2008, I turned it into a performance venue for 20 women artists (dancers, writers, musicians, photographers and architects) reflecting on "The Invisible City."

12. Inside all the hope and promise of Elizabeth Alexander's poem, "Praise Song for a Day," which she wrote and read for the 2009 inauguration of the 44th US President, Barack Obama.

13. The Colorado River, which absorbed some of the pain from my broken heart during a 25-day rafting trip in 2010. My heart broke again some months later when 210 million gallons of BP oil spilled into the Gulf of Mexico, killing countless animals and making hundreds of workers ill from the toxic chemicals.

14. The west bank of the Mississippi River in Winona, MN, a place I visited for the first time in 2011 and the site from where my grandmother, a first generation Polish-American, embarked in 1927 on a steamboat and set off southward for Havana, Cuba where she worked as a nanny and schoolteacher and eventually met my grandfather.

15. The dog pound on Tucson's west side was, in 2012, a place of anxiety, urine and relentless barking. I volunteered there walking dogs once a week. The animals weren't always easy but once I let a tenuous pit bull named Fernanda unfold her beefy body over my lap where she became a cuddly marshmallow. Eventually I took home a shy blue-eyed border collie named Edward Bear who now sometimes sneaks onto my bed to sleep next to me.

16. OkCupid.com, an odd kind of free marketplace for sex and pseudo-love that I (and one million or more others) frequented on and off during the early 2010s. It wasn't always a fun place. I met some very odd people but also some kind ones.

17. Fogbank near Woodside, CA formed when cool air from the Pacific slides up the grassy slopes of the Santa Cruz Mountains, where I was fortunate to live for a month while finishing my first novel in 2014. Some months earlier, on my birthday, in Chibok, Nigeria, the terrorist group Boko Haram kidnapped nearly 300 girls from their school.

18. The smooth side of an iceberg, which had been transported—along with 11 others—from a fjord outside Nuuk, Greenland to the Place du Pantheón in Paris as part of an art installation for the 2015 United Nations Conference on Climate. I visited the ice often, even leaned against it in a dance, while it melted like much of its sister ice in the northern seas.

19. The space next to a five-armed saguaro cactus in Saguaro National Park, where in 2016 I stood for an hour, on purpose, learning about patience, resilience, non-doing and generosity.

20. The Big Island, Hawai'i, where in 2017, I visited a friend in Pahoa, where all the outlaws live. While he sharpened a spear to hunt wild boar, I walked for miles on the slopes of Kilauea, looking for the endangered ʻŌhiʻa tree, its red flowers like tiny explosions. A year later, Kilauea blew, and I spent hours looking at online maps for the house I'd stayed in, only to find it gone, replaced by a sea of hardened lava.

One last place, for good measure: Twin Arrows, Arizona, where, in the 1940s, a service station called "Twin Arrows Trading Post" marked its location with two, 25-foot wooden arrows. The land had long been Hopi and Navajo territory. Elaine Mariolle photographed the arrows and the service station as part of her master's degree research on the cultural geography of Route 66. Her photo became the cover image of the first issue of *You Are Here* in 1998. The service station closed in 1995, part of the long death of Route 66. But, as I discovered in the summer of 2018 while driving from Albuquerque to Flagstaff, the arrows are still there. They don't really mark anything anymore. They themselves are the destination. Nearby, the old buildings are covered with graffiti and dry desert grasses come up from cracks in the pavement.

The arrows remind me of a photograph a geography professor once showed in lecture, taken from a lookout point of a dramatic mountain landscape. Included in the image was a sign with the word "View." We all laughed. Who would erect such a sign—a park ranger? A county official? How insulting! How hilarious! We don't need anyone to tell us where we are and what to look at.

Except when we do.



MARISSA JOHNSON
DESERT MOTHER
(DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH, 2018)

DAVID YETMAN

PEACE: A PERSPECTIVE FROM INDIGENOUS NORTH AMERICA, OR, WHAT YAQUIS AND OTHERS CAN TEACH US ABOUT PEACE

Peace is a good thing, I suppose, at least for the most part. But we can enumerate many instances of an unjust peace, so we must always specify, "Peace for whom and by whose terms?" Benjamin Franklin originated the phrase, "There was never a good war or a bad peace." Franklin probably agreed that the phrase itself is an oversimplification of the facts of inter-society discord, struggle and violence, but he nevertheless found it applicable to his hope for the conclusion of the war between England and the American colonies on terms favorable to Americans.

The history of conquest of native peoples in northwest Mexico (including what would later become the Southwest U.S.) by Spanish and later, Mexican forces illustrates the limitations of Franklin's phrase. From their earliest arrivals in the Americas, Spanish interests—the King and his wealthier circle—sought to conquer and control the region (and all of the Americas outside of Brazil). Kings intended to accomplish the conquest whether through the iron fist of military defeat of natives or the velvet glove of gentle submission imposed through missionaries. Whether conquistadors realized in the earliest years that diseases of European origin could also prove a valuable ally in conquering or displacing Indians (as did the government of the United States) cannot be conclusively determined. But the history of this colonial era demonstrates that when the modest attempts at "pacification" (enforced peace) failed, especially those based on rules instigated by Catholic missionaries, violent crushing of resistance was always the final option. The Spaniards' motto could well have been "Peace at any price." Pre-Columbian natives of the region were the ones who paid in great sums. They resisted Spanish expansion when they found their intrusion to be a violation of their territory or their communities or their social integrity. They offered resistance, ranging from more or less passive (non-response to Spanish demands, foot dragging, subtle sabotage of Spanish institutions) or overt acts—organized military opposition, whether by general uprisings or battles, by guerilla warfare, or by incessant raiding of Spanish settlements and violent reprisals directed at settlers. Natives resorted to war to protect their interests when they saw no alternative. For them an unjust peace was an unacceptable alternative to a war of liberation. Peaceful natives were a boon to Spanish conquest. Spanish-imposed tranquility was seldom beneficial to the natives.

The best-known example of native resistance in the region was the 1680 Great Pueblo Revolt in northern New Mexico. In that military action, a combined and well-coordinated force of Pueblo Indians attacked Spaniards and drove them out of the region—the worst defeat Spaniards experienced in the Americas during colonial times. The Upper Río Grande remained mostly peaceful (or, free of Europeans), for nearly thirteen years. The allied Pueblo forces inflicted special violence on Franciscan priests, who had an extended history of using force, including torture and executions, to extirpate native cultural practices and liquidate indigenous religious leaders.

In spite of occasional (and temporary) triumphs by native forces, resistance to Spaniards and their Mexican successors ultimately failed. Some indigenous efforts at military resistance resulted in the disappearance (i.e., genocide) of the resisters – groups such as Acaxee of Durango, Sumas of eastern Sonora and northwest Chihuahua and Zoques of northern Sinaloa. Other groups were beaten into submission, while others yet chose assimilation as an alternative to overt resistance. None capitulated without instances of armed resistance. Spaniards and their representatives invariably reminded the natives that peace could be theirs, but only on Spanish terms.

Of all the indigenous groups in Mexico that fought against Spanish and subsequent Mexican imperialism, Yaquis stand out as the most persistent and, to some extent, the most successful. More than any other peoples of North America, Yaquis, who refer to themselves as Yoeme, have resisted conquest by outsiders since their first encounter with Europeans. Never more than roughly 30,000 in number in their homelands, they loom large in the history of Mexico and Arizona. Comparable protracted struggles of indigenous forces against Spaniards/Mexicans include the Mixtón War (1540-1542) which tested the ability of Spaniards to defeat united Indian forces but resulted in a Spanish victory and made Jalisco and much of Nueva Galicia safe for Spanish occupation. The subsequent tranquility was not a just peace; thousands of Indian freedom fighters were slaughtered in the war. The War of the Castes in the Yucatán Peninsula lasted from roughly 1847 through 1915 and resulted in around 50,000 deaths but also ended with a decisive Mexican victory. In contrast, Yaqui resistance continues in spite of nearly three centuries of attempts at conquest and extermination.

Yaquis resisted the earliest Spanish military forays as early as 1610, when Spaniards recruited their ancient enemies. Yaquis survived several subsequent military campaigns of aggression, but finally chose to invite Jesuit missionaries (but no soldiers) to join them. They lived more or less peacefully and independently for more than a century but rose up once again when first Spanish and then Mexican settlers encroached on their land. Yaquis were in more or less constant rebellion against the Mexican government and its representatives for a century beginning in the 1820s and continuing throughout the 1920s. Their conditions for peace were unchanging throughout their centuries of resistance: control over their traditional lands and a right to perpetuate their ancient culture on their own terms. They objected strenuously to privatization of the land, rallying under the slogan—*God gave the land to all, not a piece to each*. Persecution of Yaquis grew to horrific proportions well into the 20th century as Mexican authorities advocated genocide, and the existence of Yaqui communities in southern Arizona—founded by Yaqui refugees—is testimony to the brutality that they experienced at the hands of the dominant Mexican culture. That history made for a richer cultural spectrum for us in southern Arizona, but at a dreadful price, which the Yaquis paid. Presently, we can benefit by the example of Yaqui resistance and can celebrate the Pre-Columbian elements of tradition in Yaqui religious festivities, especially those of Holy Week in the Tucson and Phoenix areas.

Yaqui resistance, which persists in Sonora, stands out for the degree of success it's had in spite of ongoing pogroms in Mexico that continued through the 1930s. Other indigenous groups were far less successful. In the United States, native Americans, especially those east of the Mississippi River, were forcibly evicted from their traditional homelands and amassed on reservations or allocations not of their choosing, usually west of the Mississippi, often in Kansas and Oklahoma. In general, treaties were unilaterally broken by the U.S. government, usually in response to pressure from settlers who coveted Indian lands and resources. The U.S. government demanded that Indians obey the terms of treaties, yet violated their own obligations whenever it was convenient. The indigenous were evicted from their lands and

forced to live in territory selected for them by government agencies and under terms the government dictated.

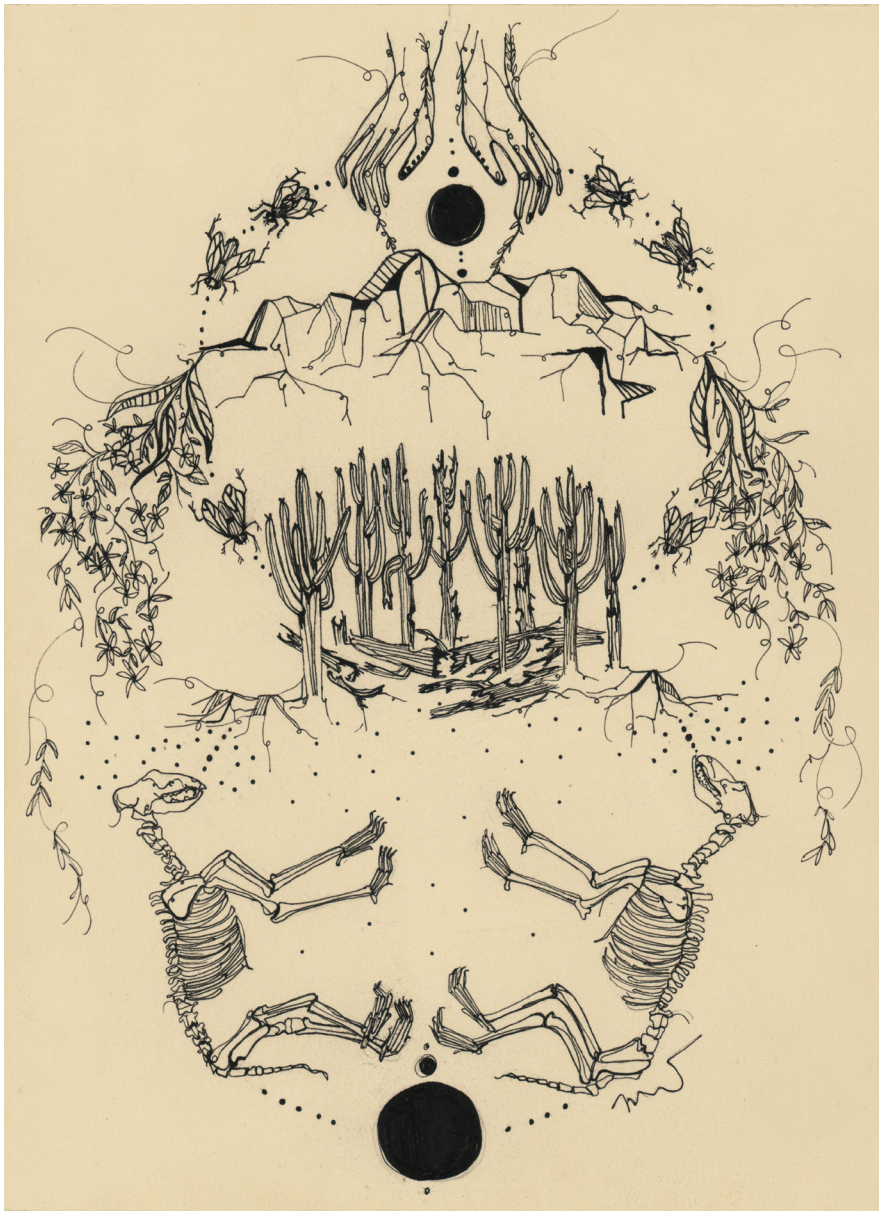
Well into the 20th century, Indian children were forced to attend off-reservation schools where use of their own languages was punished, Christianity was imposed upon them, and their native cultural expression was suppressed. Indian School Road in Phoenix was named for one such institution. It was established to provide "proper" education to Indian children and strip them of their indigenous language, connections and heritage. Phoenix Indian School remained open until 1990.

And so, peace has a wide array of meanings, depending on who gets to define it, who benefits from the terms of the "peace" and who is on the losing side. For outsiders who wish(ed) the Indians could be swept aside or eliminated, a land free of competing claims was a primary goal, regardless of ancient tenure. As of 2015, the U.S. government recognized 567 Indian tribes within the United States. Do we know how these groups interpret or define peace? Meant here, is *peace on their own terms*. This insight is integral as we work towards new definitions and aims.

MARCY ELLIS

CONTRA NATURAM (PEN & INK, 2018)

THE ENDANGERED MEXICAN GREY WOLF



NOAH SILBER-COATS
THE CATERPILLAR® D9 IN THE GARDEN



Caterpillar bulldozers in 1961 at work on the Mangla Dam in Pakistan, which submerged 280 villages, displacing an estimated 110,000 people (photo: Caterpillar archive)

This spring, Tucson residents watched once-barren lots along the sandy wash of the Santa Cruz River transform into new spaces of work and consumption that are promised to help deliver the desert city to the future. At the center of this transformation is a new regional headquarters for Caterpillar, the giant multi-national manufacturer of construction (and destruction) equipment. Though at first glance the Tucson Mining Center, as it is to be called, is located in a patch of seemingly forsaken desert, the site has been continuously inhabited for upwards of three millennia, where the once-flowing waters of the Santa Cruz drew indigenous farmers and Spanish missionaries. Boosters like Rio Nuevo - the quasi-governmental entity tasked with overseeing Tucson's redevelopment which floated a loan in the neighborhood of $50 million to attract the company - have hailed the revitalization said to be catalyzed by Caterpillar's decision to locate in Tucson. Besides jobs - around 600 with an average salary of $90,000 - Rio Nuevo promises that this move will attract more corporate expansion.

Already, Amazon has announced a new "fulfillment center" in Tucson, one of the enormous warehouses where robots and their human appendages sort and pack the endless variety of Prime goods.

As this phase of redevelopment has taken shape over the last few years the "Mission District" has been a jumble of chain-link fences adorned with flashy signs. "GADSDEN" announces one - the calling card of a local design firm which borrows its name from James Gadsden, a man who is best remembered for negotiating the purchase of what is now this part of Arizona from Mexico in 1854, but whose earlier exploits included driving the Seminoles from Florida and a failed attempt to legalize slavery in California. Gadsden's project has been dubbed the "Mercado Annex," a suite of shops offering vintage baskets, fixed-gear bicycles, craft beer and veggie burgers. While many Tucsonans may welcome this burst of creative energy, the notion of annexation echoes the ethos of Manifest Destiny in a way that's hard to ignore.

The new Caterpillar building is at once a looming presence with its impressive steel frame, and entirely inconspicuous: no sign identifying the building's future occupant, nor any architect's rendering of its future is to be found. Like the building itself, Caterpillar is both instantly recognizable and somehow mystifying. Their machines are ubiquitous, the stuff of boyhood fantasies. But this ubiquity seems to muddle any effort to take account of its sprawling operations. Watching the site transform I began to wonder, *just who is this supposed angel investor of Tucson's urban redevelopment*?

A Prodigious Monster

In a scrapbook of the history of capital over the past 120 years a Caterpillar machine would appear, Forest Gump-like, on nearly every page. Though it would later relocate to Peoria, Illinois, Caterpillar traces its origins to California's San Joaquin Delta at the close of the 19th century. As returns diminished on California's Gold Rush, the winners of this scramble, having power-washed every flake of gold from the Sierra Nevada foothills, sought new sources of profit. Rather than mining gold in the hills, investors turned to mining the fertile soil of the central valley, transforming its extensive marshland into enormous wheat plantations.

Caterpillar's founder, Benjamin Holt, began with a combine harvester driven by a team of more than twenty horses. In 1904, he figured out how to attach a steam engine to a wheel-less tractor whose wide caterpillar-esque belts would allow it to track through the muck of the Delta bottomlands. One might be tempted to conjure a bucolic image here, but consider Frank Norris' description in *The Octopus* (1902), a parable of the ills of California's wheat empire:

> The harvester, shooting a column of thick smoke straight upward, vibrating to the top of the stack, hissed, clanked and lurched forward...the ground reverberated a hollow note, and the thousands upon thousands of wheat stalks sliced and slashed in the clashing shears of the header, rattled like dry rushes in a hurricane...It was the feeding of some prodigious monster, insatiable, with iron teeth, gnashing and threshing into the fields of standing wheat; devouring always, never glutted, never satiated, swallowing an entire harvest, snarling and slobbering in a welter of warm vapor, acrid smoke, and blinding, pungent clouds of chaff. (447)

And so it was as a maker of tractors that Caterpillar gained its fame. During the first decades of the 20th century, the use of these powerful machines expanded from agriculture to heavy construction, dragging around other equipment used to build New Deal projects like the Golden Gate Bridge and Hoover Dam. But it was not until the close of World War II that Caterpillar expanded its range— introducing bulldozers, scrapers and other devices that push, dig, lift and drop. Entering the Post-War Era of development, Caterpillar's machines left "Tracks Around the World," as the company's promotional reels declared. Along with hybrid seeds and agri-chemicals, their tractors were part of the Green Revolution package that American experts pushed as the key to development. In the company's archives, Caterpillar machines can be seen not only tilling and harvesting fields, but also dragging mammoth logs from the African jungle, building roads into the Venezuelan hinterland and moving earth to build dams that would provide water and power to expand the agricultural frontier around the world- China's Three Gorges being only the most recent and recognizable among many.

All of this Caterpillar declares proudly and publicly: they built the machines that drained the swamp, turned the soil, dug the pit, felled the forest, flooded the valley and laid the highway. But despite the skeletons on display in the living room, there are still a few more stowed away in the closet. Notably absent from Caterpillar's corporate auto-hagiography is any mention of its involvement in Israel's occupation of Palestinian territory.

Caterpillar and the Israeli Occupation

Caterpillar's link with Israel can be traced to, and surely predates, the Six-Day War in 1967 when Israel annexed lands from Egypt, Syria and Jordan, beginning a program of military occupation and settlement of territories in colonized Palestine. As documented in a 2014 report by Israeli NGO Who Profits, the occupied territory has been a proving ground for the fusion of military tactics and construction techniques. Caterpillar's equipment is used in the whole spectrum of occupation tactics - from demolition of Palestinian homes and farms, to construction of checkpoints and walls. One of the main instruments of this program is the Caterpillar D9, a bulldozer that is retrofitted by the Israeli Defense Forces for battle-readiness, complete with machine gun mounts.

Many of these machines have been transferred to Israel through the U.S. Foreign Military Sales program - that is, donated by the U.S. government. This point was key in litigation over the 2003 death of Rachel Corrie, a 23-year old American activist who was crushed by a D9 while attempting to prevent the demolition of Palestinian homes. In Corrie et al. V. Caterpillar Inc., the District Court judge who dismissed the effort to hold the company accountable for the use of its equipment in the occupation wrote, "for this court to order Caterpillar to cease supplying products to Israel would certainly invade the foreign policy prerogatives of the political branches of government." U.S. support for the Israeli occupation, in the court's view, liberates American companies from any responsibility for the use of their products in this context. Caterpillar has taken this point further in responding to critics, arguing that for the company to divest from Israel would violate laws that bar U.S. companies from engaging in unsanctioned boycotts.

This delicate web that separates Caterpillar from responsibility for the use of its machines is further complicated by the fact that military operations constitute only a fraction of occupation activities. Much of this activity, from uprooting olive groves to construction of the wall, is outsourced to private companies who purchase Caterpillar equipment from their local dealer as anyone else would.

Although no mention of any of this is to be found in Caterpillar's public reports, an examination of its business model may offer clues to the place of war profiteering in the company's operations. To read its latest annual report, the continued expansion of global capitalism seems directly equated with the company's growth, with statistics on population growth, energy consumption and infrastructure investment all presented as evidence of the company's solid fundamentals.

A review of reports from the financial press, however, paints a different picture. Caterpillar bet big on extractive industries in 2011 when it acquired mining equipment manufacturer Bucyrus for $8.6 billion. But this acquisition came at the peak of a global commodities boom that began a decade earlier. As investments in extraction made during a decade of rising prices came to fruition, markets were flooded and prices collapsed - and with them, demand for Caterpillar's products.

Facing such a crisis of overproduction, it's no surprise that Caterpillar is making a big play for autonomous mining equipment - much of it to be designed in Tucson - that can move more material without a human operator. This crisis also casts Caterpillar's link with the Israeli occupation and other military-construction projects in a different light: while Caterpillar's clients who wage War on Nature must compete in fluctuating global commodity markets, those who wage War on Terror will remain trusty customers so long as the machine of Endless War remains intact. During the 2016 presidential campaign, Donald Trump repeatedly invoked his love of Caterpillar in his tirades on "The Wall." There should be no doubt, then, that the border wall will bring the company big business, and by extension boost the local artisanal economy that is taking shape around the Mining Center. This thought ought to trouble anyone enjoying the fruits of downtown Tucson's apparent re-birth, though it likely will not.

The Garden's Secret

Southwest from the quarter-mile expanse of hot, compacted, Santa Cruz River sand behind the Tucson Mining Center you will find a gate in the middle of a long adobe wall. Inside, the lush orchards and fields of the Mission Garden conjure associations that gardens in the desert often do: paradise lost, paradise to be re-gained.

On a Saturday morning in May, the Garden opened its gate to visitors in honor of San Ysidro Labrador, a 12th Century Spanish peasant whose supposed miracles include *el milagro del molino*. As the story goes, one morning Isidro was on the way to the molino (mill) carrying a heavy sack of wheat. After generously feeding some hungry pigeons, he arrived at the mill to discover the sack still brimming full.

In keeping with this theme, wheat is at the center of the day's celebration. As we arrive, volunteers are cutting waist-high golden stalks by hand. Later, the wheat is piled on tarps and two strapping horses are made to trot in circles upon it, shaking the grains loose. It is then ground in a stone mill and baked into bread in an adobe oven. Strolling through the garden, I am approached by an effusive middle-aged white woman, a Garden volunteer, who asks if I know what I am looking at. As I am, in fact, looking at melons, I reply hesitantly, "Melons?" She launches into a description of the garden layout, each section honoring an ethnic group that has lived and farmed in this spot over the past 2,500 years - Tohono O'odham, Mexican and Chinese.

Grandstanding volunteers aside, the festival is a wonderful celebration of the diversity of influences on the site's history. A student mariachi ensemble opens the proceedings, followed by tiny lion dancers still too shy to perform. And the garden itself is pure joy - shady arbors overhung with grape vines, fields of hollyhocks and mint that hums with bees.

I wonder, though, if any of us really knows what we are looking at. The narration of the site's history presented to visitors is scant, and, presents a picture of harmonious cultural integration painted in broad strokes. But the Mission, as Henry Dobyns' *Spanish Colonial Tucson* (1976) dutifully recounts, was a frontier institution dedicated to destroying the semi-nomadic and pagan lifeways of the native population, transforming them into sedentary, Christian, tax-paying farmers. It was, in short, a program of cultural genocide and forced labor. The first priest to attempt to take up residence at Tucson, in 1757, came accompanied by an army garrison to help persuade the natives. "Small wonder, therefore" writes Dobyns, "that the prospective Christians [he] lured to his establishment placated him with gifts of wild fruits and birds' eggs!"

The Garden is said to be only the first phase of a long-promised Tucson Origins Heritage Park. In one design, the current site of the Mining Center was imagined as a "cultural plaza" surrounded by museums honoring the region's diverse cultural heritage. With Caterpillar's arrival, the park is being re-imagined around the office building – yet another amenity for the bleary-eyed engineers who will soon occupy the space.

One analysis might see in the Garden and the Mining Center two forces in opposition: the former as building community and recuperating traditional foodways, the latter enmeshed in environmental and cultural destruction. But, such an analysis would be limited. For one, the Garden was re-built in an earlier phase of Rio Nuevo's plans, imagined from the beginning as a redoubt of gentrification to come – despite an alternative vision espoused by those who maintain the garden and run its programs. But more than this, in full historical context the Garden does not offer the counter-point to Caterpillar's logic of domination that it appears to at first glance. Rather, it is a re-construction of a space that, for all the abundance of its groves, was founded on a similar logic. Where can we turn, then, for a model of a revitalized city that does not depend on destruction and suffering beyond its own walls?



Caterpillar equipment building a road in Venezuela, 1967
(photo: Caterpillar archive)



A Caterpillar bulldozer demolishing the Palestinian village of Imwas, 1967
(photo: Yosef Hochman)



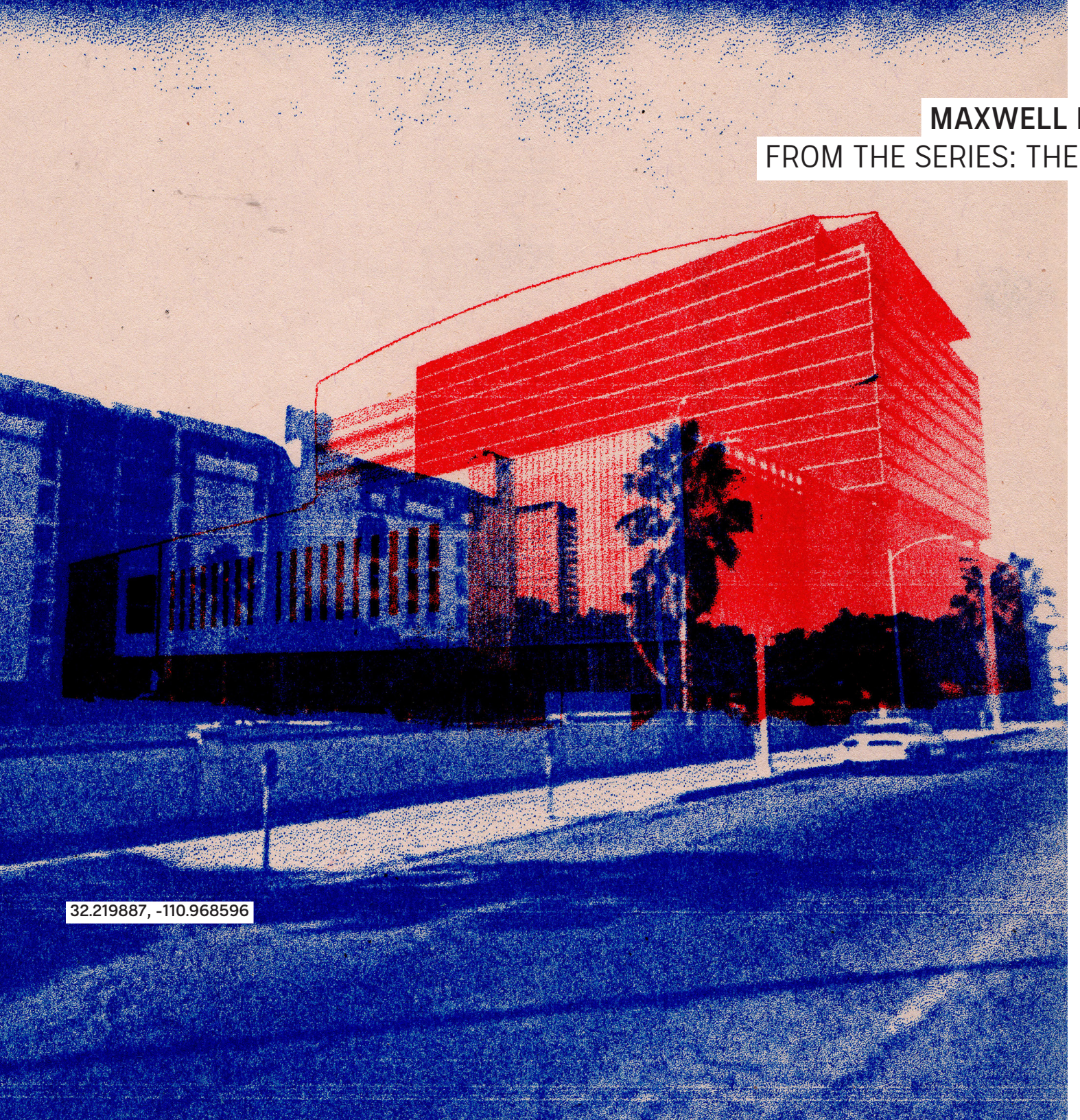
A view of Caterpillar's Tucson Mining Center under construction, May 2018
(photo by the author)

CHASE LANG
HOW UNIVERSITIES RUIN COMMUNITIES

The University of Arizona aquires houses in select communities when they go up for sale, then sits on them unitil the entire block is vacant and ultimately destroyed. These photos are part of a series that show this transformation in progress, as the campus slowly creeps north, leveling anything in its path.




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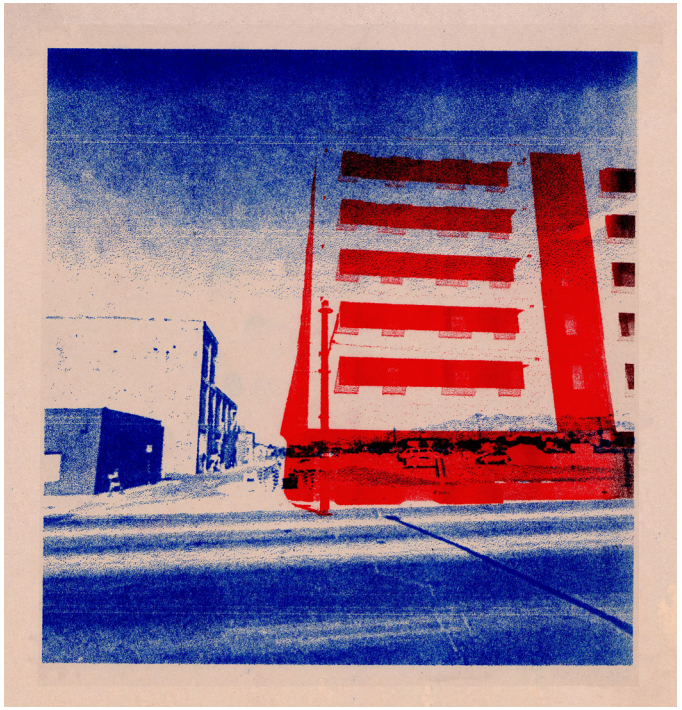
MAXWELL LUKAS MIJNLIEFF GAY

FROM THE SERIES: THE POLITICS OF MEMORY

These risograph prints utilize appropriated digital images from a ten-year span in Tucson's history to examine the contemporary context of colonization in the Southwest. I am interested in stripping down spaces into binaries; what was and what is. I think this can illuminate the ways that we lose sight of history when development is the only priority, and how that development is rooted in a colonial mindset. The continual erasure, obfuscation and displacement of indigenous, Mexican, Chicanx, black and other immigrant peoples bears an overwhelming weight on all of Tucson's history. Creating these prints is one way that I've sought to reconcile the changes in the city. For me, working towards and actualizing peace looks like an interruption of the continuous march towards increasing profit through development; it looks like listening to those whose voices are paved over and understanding the narratives, complex histories and conflicts which belong to our respective spaces. Peace cannot possibly be achieved so long as the occupation of native lands goes unreconciled, so long as the intentional dissolution of marginalized communities by white institutions goes ignored, so long as the role of white supremacy, theft, violence and genocide in development is unacknowledged.



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PUBLIC WORKS STUDIO
THE APPREHENSIONS OF THE PAST IN BUILDING THE FUTURE IN POST-WAR LEBANON: DOES THE PLANNING OF DAMOUR ENCOURAGE RETURN?

Introduction

Last year, a broad debate surrounded director Ziad Doueiri's film *The Insult*, especially after it was nominated for the 2018 Oscar for Best Foreign Language Film. This was the first time that a Lebanese film has been shortlisted for an Oscar.

During the film's first few minutes, one of the main characters expresses her wish to return to Damour, stating that the church there had been restored. Her husband, a survivor of the massacre that occurred in the town during Lebanon's Civil War, firmly rejects the idea. Doueiri then leads the audience away from the subject of Damour to insert them into the story of Case no. 23, from which the film derives its Arabic title. The plot eventually brings the audience back to the basis on which the film began: the aforementioned Damour Massacre.

Many felt that the film's contention is segregationist, manipulates the massacres and isolates painful historical events from one another.[1] Yet the special screening of the film held in Empire The Spot Choueifat Cinema and well-attended by the people of Damour paints a more complex picture. According to press coverage, the people of the town were greatly affected by the film and gave it a communal applause. Charles Ghafari, Damour's mayor, declared that "The film means a lot to the people of Damour … It gives Damour its due." As for Doueiri, he said, "This meeting with the people of Damour is very important to me and the actors, for the story is ultimately the story of these people and this small town."

In fact, both perspectives take great leaps, for in the film, Damour appears only via the massacre and is stripped of any context. The same cannot be said about Lebanese producer Reine Mitri's film *In This Land Lay Graves of Mine* (2014). Unlike Doueiri's film, Mitri's film – which the Minister of Interior banned from screening in Lebanon[2] – works to close the gap between the tragedies of the Civil War on one hand, and the authorities' (both local and national) post-war efforts. Like many other people, Mitri sells her summer house located in one of the Christian villages to a Muslim buyer. In her film, she speaks to Lebanese who experienced the Civil War and its horrors. They relate their stories about the ongoing land purchases and fear of the other. These interviews are spliced with revealing archival material and images of the urban transformations that the villages and towns on the coast of Chouf and Iqlim al-Kharroub are undergoing.

In this article, by focusing on the town of Damour, we will explore the topic of displacement, return and fear in the context of the urban developments that these villages have undergone since the 1990s and the general master plans that have contributed to the lack of return to them.

When the Lebanese Civil War began, the Chouf coastal areas witnessed demographic changes and a sudden displacement of their residents, particularly Christians. This displacement occurred in two waves, the first in 1975-1976 after the Damour Massacre and the second in 1984-1985 during the so-called Mountain War.[3]

After the war ended and the reconstruction of Beirut began, the rise of real estate prices led waves of the most vulnerable inhabitants to settle in Iqlim al-Kharroub, taking advantage of its proximity to the city and the real estate projects underway (during the early 1990s and the second half of the 2000s).[4]

This process of rapid urbanization occurred in the absence of equitable development policies and in isolation from the local context. The construction and property development sector contributed little to the local development of the towns on the coast of Chouf and Iqlim al-Kharroub. To the contrary, it put additional pressure on resources, which fueled sectarian and political tensions. Property developers from outside the region seized the opportunity presented by relatively affordable lands available on the coast of Iqlim al-Kharroub and Chouf. Most of the newcomers buying homes in the region are Sunni or Shia, while a large portion of the land being sold belongs to Christians who have had no motivation to return to the region. Although these rapid changes to the rural environment are caused by market forces, they have fueled sectarian fears about a change in the region's social identity and cultural fabric; fears sown and consolidated by the history of sectarian violence and massacres. How have Damour's local authorities handled this historical situation, and how have they directed land planning?

Damour, Who Are You?[5]

> We now wander among the berry trees on the Damour plain … the gentle spring of the Damour coast … Marvelous are these houses scattered in every clearing among the berries, cane houses raised on wooden stilts (which they call khisas) inside which we can explore an amazing secret of nature … When the picking season approaches, workers come from the neighboring villages to help the Damourians pick the [silk] cocoons … Nobody in Damour asks a worker about his identity.

With these words, author Michel Ghorayeb describes his town Damour in his book *Damour, Who Are You?* The coastal village was ranked first among the villages producing silk cocoons in Lebanon at the beginning of the 20th century. In 1905, Damour had five silk factories.[6] During the French Mandate, the silk season in Damour witnessed an unusual recession and an increase in taxes, which caused a major crisis. Many silk cocoon merchants and factory owners in Damour went bankrupt.[7] Within a few years, the Damour plain had turned to banana and lemon cultivation, which led to a change in customs and lifestyles. Damour recovered from the silk disaster, the houses and shops multiplied and by 1975 the population had reached approximately 20,000. During the 1970s, the population growth, the proximity to the capital and the convenience of transport led Damour to become akin to a rural suburb of Greater Beirut.

Damour's first general master plan was produced in 1968. It embodied the town's situation at that time with regard to the dominant forces, priorities and orientations. The plan divided the municipality into six areas: two mixed areas for commerce and housing, a residential area, an agricultural plain, an industrial area, and a tourist area. The old town was assigned the highest ground exploitation ratios to encourage con-

struction therein and limit the urbanization of agricultural lands and natural areas. An area parallel to the agricultural plain and which extended along the coast was allocated to tourism and luxury private houses. Thus, although Damour was still a distinctly agricultural village, the general master plan launched a vision for attracting tourist activities to the beach and erecting villas for wealthy families. Note that President Camille Chamoun built himself a palace on the Saadiyat coast in southern Damour.

With the beginning of the Civil War and after a painful massacre, Damour witnessed rapid changes and a sudden displacement of its residents. Approximately 620 buildings were destroyed, the agricultural plain was deserted and the Damour shoreline suffered sand dredging that narrowed it by 25 meters.[8]

The war dramatically changed the region's demographics, and only a small percentage of the Christian residents, who had adapted to life in other parts of Lebanon, returned to their homes when it ended. During the reconstruction phase, Damour was subject to a specific plan for the return of the displaced, and in 1994, Law no. 322 was issued, permitting them to build on properties not meeting the legal conditions for construction. In 1996, 662 buildings were counted in Damour, and the permanent residents were estimated to number 1,000.[9] Two years later, 752 buildings were counted via aerial photos, which amounts to a 13.5% increase. Nevertheless, the rate of return remained low and limited either to the reconstruction of some houses in the old town by its people or to major private projects on Damour's hills in the form of gated communities, such as the Mishref project, launched in 1994.

In his book, Ghorayeb also describes "New Damour, a dream in the minds of the town's sons and daughters." The displaced waver between a rosy image of a vibrant past and the tragic image of destruction. The two alternate, but they are counterpoised with a third image, one of Damour today, a figment of their imagination because "The return of the displaced to their homes ... produced only a few scattered houses."[10]

Today, approximately 30,000 people are officially registered in Damour, while the resident families number 5,000.[11] There appears to be a sharp divide between the Christian Damour and the Sunni Muslim Saadiyat, which falls within the Damour municipal limits, amidst demands by the latter's population (who are known as the "Saadiyat Arabs" and were there before the civil war) to break away from Damour.[12]

In parallel, people from various social groups (most of them Muslims) moved to Damour and the surrounding villages to escape the rise of housing prices in Beirut. Under these circumstances, the sectarian social tension and fear-mongering worsened. What have the local authorities done to deal with the apprehensions of the past and the demands of the present?

A Classist Vision and Economic Interests Under a Sectarian Cover

In 2008, forty years after the first general master plan, a new plan was issued for the Damour region. A municipal council member explains:

> We created the new plan as it serves the interest of Damour and its people in reducing exploitation and increasing the area of residential apartments to concord with our vision for the town. The old plan included an industrial area, which was abolished. We also created an area classified for tourism along the shoreline, where the tourist resorts are currently located. The Damour municipality thus came to be based on a touristic-environmental master regulation.

Looking at the new general master plan's map and the chart of changes that accompanies the plan, we find exploitation ratios that are generally lower than the previous ones, which is remarkable in view of the surrounding towns and the towns along the Lebanese coast in general. When we asked the municipality member why, he said:

> We want Damour to be tidy and attract outsiders. Imagine if we allowed the construction of buildings with two, three, or four apartments on the one level – the area would become sha'biyya [i.e., a poorer or working-class area], and that's not our vision. In the general master plan, we reduced exploitation for this reason. We made the areas of properties larger and the apartments large, up to 200 square meters. We added stone and tile to the [materials used in] facades. As you know, Damour was destroyed and its people displaced; with the return, there was haphazard construction and contiguity... but we solved the issue in the new plan.

These words make the municipality's vision for Damour's future clear: it is one based on a classist foundation and economic interests. The undesirable residents are those who cannot afford to buy a house or live in the "new" Damour, especially as most of the inhabitants moving to Damour are Muslims displaced from Beirut by the rising costs of living there.

In an interview we conducted with a construction contractor working in Dibbiyeh and Damour, he said:

> The [Muslim] contractors are building in Iqlim [al-Kharroub] and on the Chouf coast, and they bring their acquaintances to live there. But as for Damour, we call it 'the Damour desert', because they [i.e., the local authorities] refuse to register works and construction to non-Christians in order to bar them from the construction business... with the exception of Saadiyat [which is located in southern Damour and has a Muslim majority].

In conjunction with this "constriction" imposed on construction under the banner of preserving Christians' property, there are also the beach resorts (which today number 17 on the Damour coast) and the exclusive residential complexes that the new general master plan encourages erecting. The map of land ownership shows that a high percentage of the properties containing the resorts and luxury residences belong to investors or real estate companies, in contradiction with the rhetoric about preserving Damour for its people. There is also the issue of the Mtill real estate project, which several press articles considered to be the direct impetus for issuing the general master plan in 2008.

Via a political partnership between Mayor Ghafari and MP Elie Aoun (a member of MP Walid Jumblatt's bloc), the Investment and Property Development Company– owned by Auon and the Saudi Tariq al-Rasan– was able to acquire lands in Damour and begin constructing a group of massive residential projects encompassing many buildings under the name "the Mtill Project."[13] The classification of these lands had not permitted construction, but the 2008 plan reclassified the properties of the project to "2MA", a classification for private housing. The project caused anger among Damour's people, who wondered why their lands were being sold and why projects that they would not live in were being erected upon these lands. In

response, the owners of the Mtill project decided to grant Damour "natives" a 30% discount on apartment purchases in the project. The municipality issued a similar decision concerning the beach resorts, allowing Damour "natives" to enter some of them free of charge on certain days of the week.

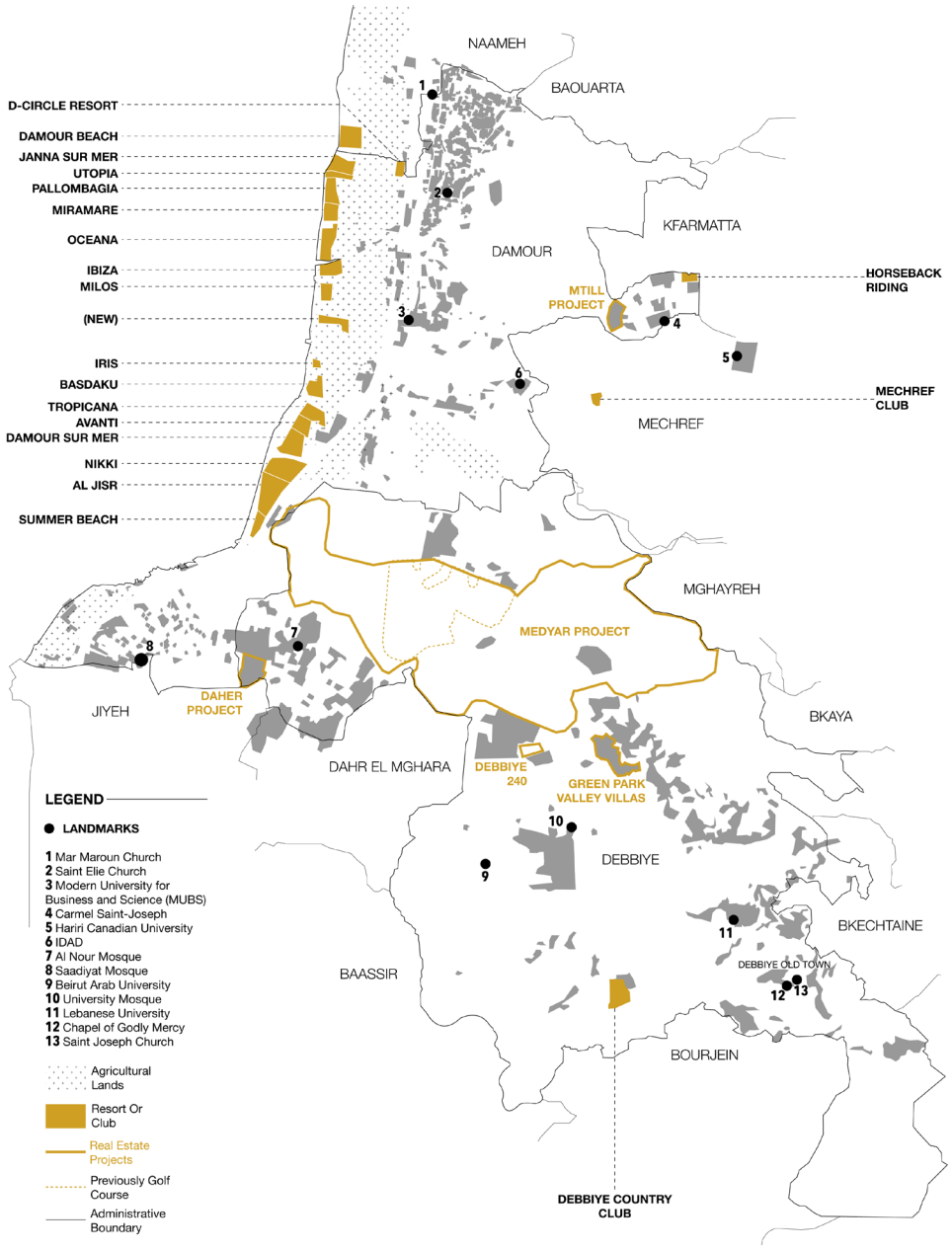
Discussion about the Mtill project continued until the 2016 municipal elections, which included slogans like: "Damour's land is not for sale", "Damour for the Damourians" and "the Damour plain is not for sale." Mayor Ghafari's opponents stressed that as the project contained 300 residential apartments, it would disrupt the demographic balance between Christians and Muslims in Damour. Ghafari responded that "This project consists of 50 luxury villas that fall within the scope of the Mishref project. Hence, it cannot affect the region's demographics given its very high cost."[14]

Maintaining indigenous land ownership has become a theme of electoral battles and inflammatory discourses, but the core of the issue lies in economic interests and the classist vision of Damour's future that excludes whoever cannot afford it. Protecting and strengthening local resources is essential in any urban planning process, and it cannot be reduced to limiting exploitation ratios on classist and sectarian bases. Today, open green spaces constitute 55% of Damour's land, but in light of the current general master plan, they constitute an embodiment of the prevailing ownership relations and a replication of inequalities.

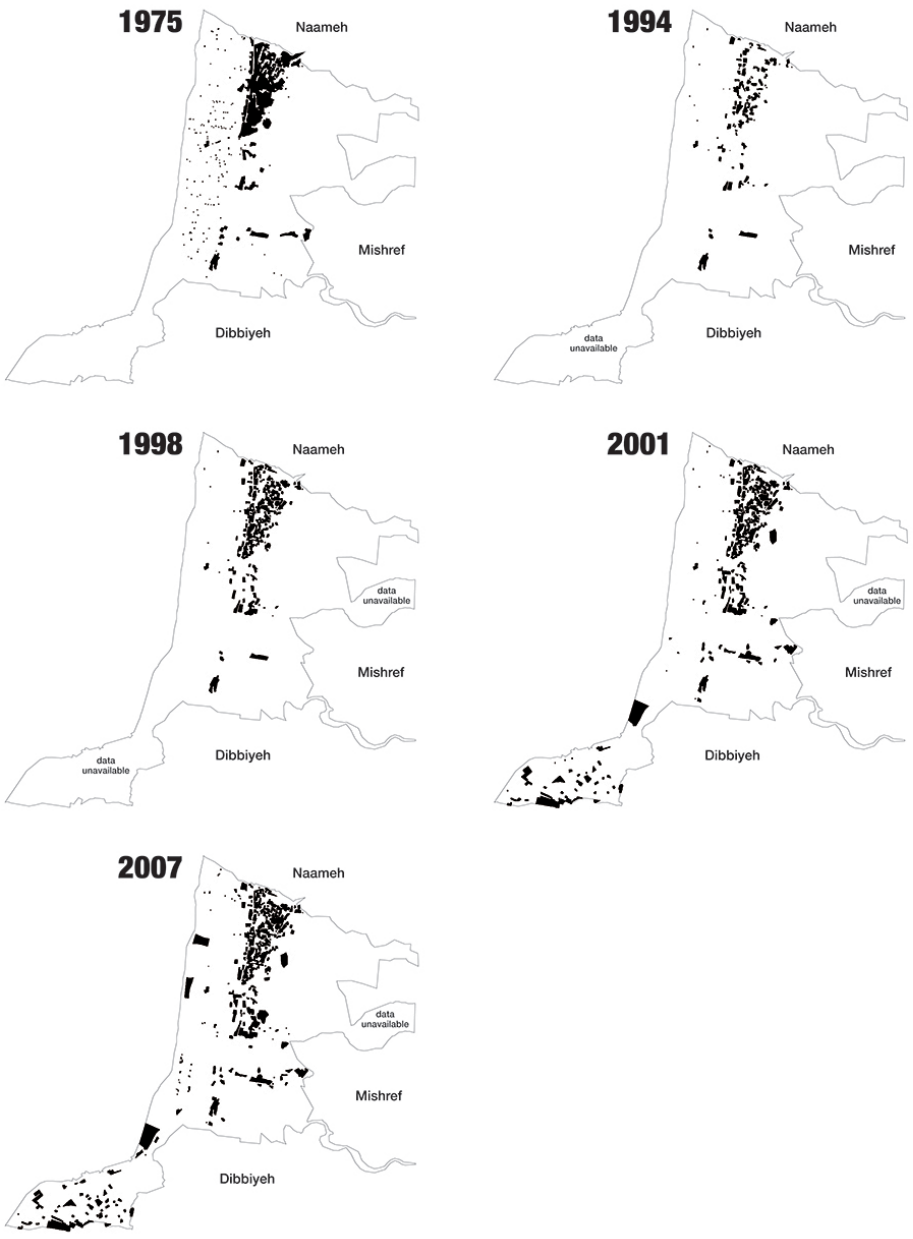
Equitable development would have been possible had a general master plan that addressed the apprehensions of the past and involved the populace (both original and resident) and their needs. Had that occurred, it might have created a true path for those who were displaced and want to return to do so.

[1] Hazem al-Amin, "al-Masihiyyin Ahabbu Film Ziad Doueiri", Al-Hayat, October 15, 2017; Saleem Albeik, "Qadiyyat Raqm 23 aw Kayf Tukarrih bi-l-Falastiniyyin", Alquds Alarabi, February 3, 2018.
[2] "Li Qubur fi Hadhihi al-Ard Mamnu'!", almodononline, June 17, 2015.
[3] Butrus Labaki and Khalil Abu Rujayli, Jardat Hisab al-Hurub min Ajl al-Akharin 'ala Lubnan, Beirut, 2005.
[4] UNDP, "An Urban Suburb with the Capacities of a Village: The Social Stability Context in the Coastal Chouf Area", Beirut, 2017.
[5] Michel Ghorayeb, Damur Man Anti? Aw Ma'sat al-Damur, printed at the expense of Rose Ghorayeb, 2000.
[6] Figures sourced from the book Damur Man Anti? (op. cit) and Ibrahim al-Aswad, Dalil Lubnan, 2nd ed., Baabda, 1906.
[7] The mandate state did not intervene to protect national industry or establish a bank to lend to industrialists.
[8] UNEP, Mediterranean Action Plan, Ministry of Environment, "Coastal Area Management Program", July 2004.
[9] Lebanese Central Administration of Statistics.
[10] Michel Ghorayeb, Damur Man Anti?, op. cit.
[11] UNEP, "Coastal Area Management Program", op. cit.
[12] UNDP, "An Urban Suburb with the Capacities of a Village", op. cit.
[13] Firas Al Shoufi, "Solidere Saghira fi al-Damur", Al-Akhbar, November 24, 2012.
[14] Ghafari is suggesting that Muslims moving to this region (the Chouf coast) to escape high housing prices in Beirut cannot afford to purchase property in this project.

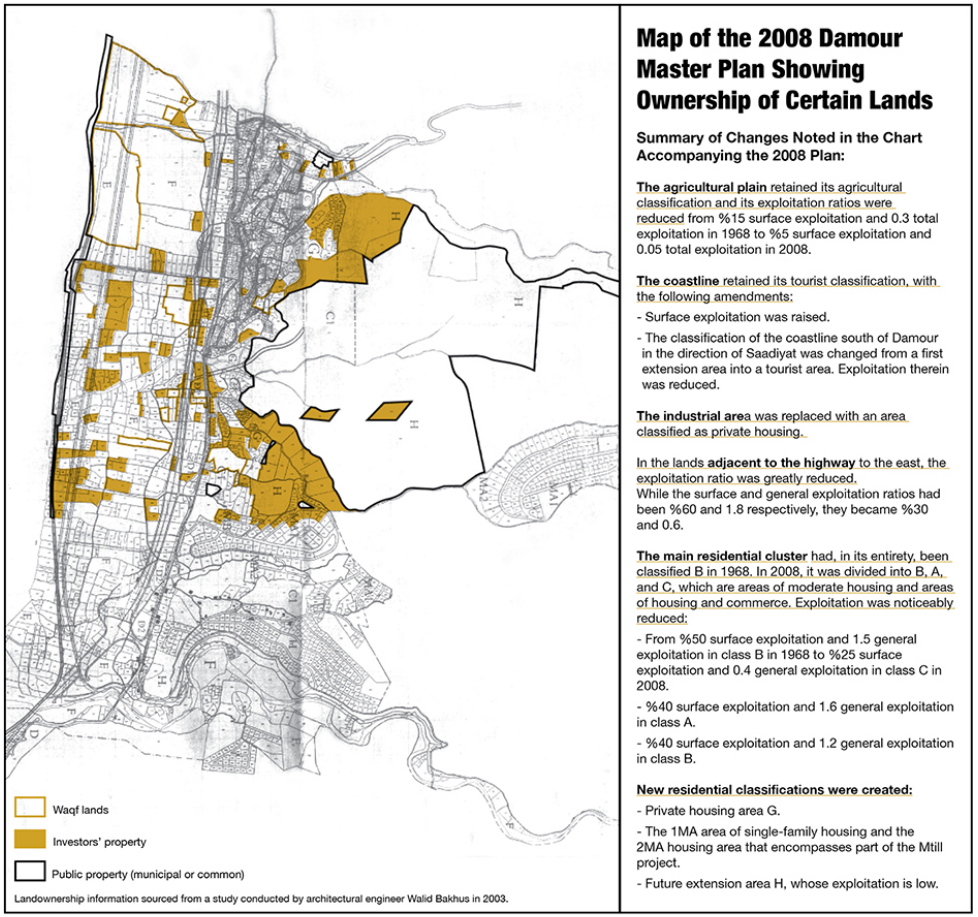
Map of local landmarks



Urbanization/spatial erasure in Damour - based on historical aerial photographs sourced from the Lebanese Army's Directorate of Geographical Affairs



Map of the 2008 Damour Master Plan Showing Ownership of Certain Lands



Differences We Observed Between the 1968 Plan and the 2008 Plan:

The agricultural plain retained its agricultural classification and its exploitation ratios were reduced from 15% surface exploitation and 0.3 total exploitation in 1968 to 5% surface exploitation and 0.05 total exploitation in 2008.

The coastline retained its tourist classification, with the following amendments:
- Surface exploitation was raised.
- The classification of the coastline south of Damour in the direction of Saadiyat was changed from a first extension area into a tourist area. Exploitation therein was reduced.

The industrial area was replaced with an area classified as private housing.

In the lands adjacent to the highway to the east, the exploitation ratio was greatly reduced. While the surface and general exploitation ratios had been 60% and 1.8 respectively, they became 30% and 0.6.

The main residential cluster had, in its entirety, been classified B in 1968. In 2008, it was divided into B, A, and C, which are areas of moderate housing and areas of housing and commerce. Exploitation was noticeably reduced:
- From 50% surface exploitation and 1.5 general exploitation in class B in 1968 to 25% surface exploitation and 0.4 general exploitation in class C in 2008.
- 40% surface exploitation and 1.6 general exploitation in class A.
- 40% surface exploitation and 1.2 general exploitation in class B.

New residential classifications were created:
- Private housing area G.
- The 1MA area of single-family housing and the 2MA housing area that encompasses part of the Mtill project.
- Future extension area H, whose exploitation is low.



Billboards of real estate development projects along the Beirut-South highway (2017)

ANNA LEAH EISNER

LEARNING TO EAT A LOAF OF BREAD A DAY, A SEMI-SESTINA

On my walk home today, I saw
a man fishing in the gutter
in between the sidewalk and the street.
He propped himself up
against the concrete
and cast his pole into the water.

As I passed, I slowed to look at the water
trying to see what he saw
in the midst of all that concrete
and empty bottles lying in the gutter.
Seeing not even a fish lying belly up,
I hurried away and down the street.

But as I pass him on that street
I can't help but think of the water
and the things it might turn up –
Was that a fish, some coins, something divine he saw?
Not knowing what one sees in the gutter
or beneath the heat of the concrete,

there is nothing I can say that is concrete.
Simply, he knows more of this street
than I, he knows the gutter
contains more than just water.
He knows that I saw –
he abruptly pulls the fishing pole up,

tugging my eyes away and my mind up
from the confines of concrete
thought. A foreigner who saw
from the side of the street
and thinks she knows of city water
when she sees only the gutter.

Two days later, from the gutter,
a boy pulls dandelions and holds them up
to his mother, yellow reflecting in the water.
Something grows from the concrete.
I watch from my position on the street
eating baklava by the seesaw.

Kyrgryzstan, 2018

RAMI ABI RAFEH
BEIRUT, LEBANON 2018






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T
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LEBANESE TOURIST
& TRADING CO
تحويل دولارات
الآغا

NAZIN CIZIRI

FADED LIVES BEHIND THE CURFEWS: VIOLENCE, ASSIMILATION AND GENTRIFICATION IN SOUTHEAST TURKEY

Seeing your child being murdered right in front of your eyes might be a parent's worst nightmare, however, it wasn't the end of it for Emine Çağırga. Emine's 10-year-old daughter, Cemile was killed by a sniper. The tragedy happened during the first imposed curfew in Cizre, Turkey which lasted for eight days in September 2015. The mother had to keep her daughter's dead body in a deep freezer for three days since no one could step outside in the town until members of the parliament came to escort the body to a morgue. Unfortunately, this tragedy is only one of the many stories from the first curfew in Cizre. The longest of the imposed curfews in Cizre lasted for 79 days and more than half of the city was destroyed by its end.

The Kurds are the biggest ethnic group, an estimated 35 million people, that do not have a state. They are divided between four main countries: Turkey, Iraq, Syria and Iran. Turkey is estimated to have 15 million Kurds, the most of the four countries. The Kurds in Turkey have been in a constant battle, just like Kurds in other regions, to fight for their identity and independence. After decades of battle, the ruling government recently initiated a peace process. Though far from perfect, small progress was made and it kindled hope for the Kurdish people.

But the peace process started to fall apart in the summer of 2015. The aftermath of the general elections in June did not help. The Kurdish political party HDP received 13.12% of the votes, the highest number ever for a Kurdish party. Hope turned to anger after failed attempts of coalition in the government. All major Turkish parties refused coalition with HDP which resulted in cancellation of the general elections. This was analyzed to be intentional; to eliminate the possible growth of Kurdish representation in the parliament.

The peace process between the Turkish government and Kurdish people came to an end after the Suruç bombing, July 2015, which was allegedly conducted by the Islamic State and killed 33 people who were predominantly Kurdish activists. After numerous disappointments – the elections, the failed peace process and the bombing—the Turkish government and armed Kurdish forces breached their truce. These forces started to dig ditches in major Kurdish cities in southeast Turkey with the aim to declare independence in Kurdish regions. As expected, the Turkish government and the Turkish Armed Forces responded aggressively to these belligerent forces in urban areas.

The conflicts resulted in full-day curfews, civilian casualties, displacements and ruination of the cities. The curfews were enforced without evacuation. There was no access to electricity and water, sometimes for weeks, because streets were turned into war zones. In July 2017, The International Crisis Group confirmed almost 3,000 deaths since the Suruç bombing. 409 of these were confirmed to be civilians. The Human Rights Foundation of Turkey stated in the beginning of March 2018 that 299 curfews were enforced in at least 49 cities in southeast Turkey since August 2015. Some curfew zones remain closed to civilians. 1.8 million people's rights were violated. More than half a million people are estimated to be displaced due to these curfews.

During the longest curfew in Cizre which lasted for 79 days, 176 civilians were reported to be killed. One of the most tragic stories which surfaced was "the basement massacre." During the curfew, at least 100 civilians were reported to be trapped in three different basements. The UN stated that the Turkish Armed Forces and the Turkish government burnt at least 100 people alive in those basements. Today, there are occasional enforced evening curfews in Cizre and in other cities, such as Sur. Amnesty International released a report in 2016 called "Displaced and Disposed: Sur Residents' Right to Return Home" where they analyzed the damage to the city and interviewed residents and shared their miseries caused by the curfew. The in-depth report explains where and how families lived and the inadequate money the government supplied to many residents: At least 60% of the entire Sur district has been expropriated by the government, paving the way for an announced urban regeneration project that is being developed without the required consultation of affected residents and foresees transfers of residents to areas far from Sur.

The architecture and daily activities in cities like Sur and Nusaybin held thousands of years of history. These were centers of Kurdish urbanism and culture. But now, the government is constructing homogenous and frugal buildings that do not reflect characteristics of Kurdish identity.

The politics towards the Kurds in Turkey has always focused on the stifling and assimilation of the Kurdish identity. Kurdish deputies continue to be arrested and Selahattin Demirtaş, the leader of HDP, is imprisoned and faces a 142 year sentence. These efforts intend to decrease the representation of Kurdish people in parliament, suppress the Kurdish identity and disrupt political and cultural cohesion. This is demonstrated in most extreme cases, including Turkey's bombing of Afrin in northern Syria.

How can peace exist when there is no official Kurdish state for Kurds in Turkey? When the historical cities and sites are continually destroyed, or rebuilt in another people's image? How can the Kurdish people feel what home means? The curfews, political threats and attacks leave persistent, painful physical and psychological impressions on the Kurdish people. I harbor on Cemile Çağırga, the 10-year-old girl. When the family went out during the first enforced curfew after hearing gunfire and bombs, their daughter was shot right in front of her house. The Prime Minister of that time, Ahmet Davutoglu, stated that no civilians were harmed during curfews. This ignored Cemile's mother, who begged: How can a 10-year-old be a terrorist? No children, no communities, are deserving of persecution.



Sur, Amed, Kurdistan (2018)



Sur, Amed, Kurdistan (2018)

MENAT ALLAH EL ATTMA
FREE YEMEN (DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION 2018)



ALEX SHAMS
SANA'A, YEMEN (2011)

The narrow cobblestoned streets of Yemen's capital city are a beautiful, bewildering maze of energy and movement. You can wander for hours in the densely packed urban fabric, finding respite in the large open plazas full of street-side shops or the communal gardens that dot Sana'a's old city. As mornings turn to mid-day, you'll notice cheeks start to grow fat and chunks of green leaves positioned at every corner; by noon, the number of locals chewing *qat*, the mild stimulant that is Yemen's drug of choice, will outnumber those who are not, and even the vegetable sellers will lift their face veils to chew the stuff. The trick is to make friends and be invited to the top floor of any of Sanaa's old homes, as I did when I visited in 2011, before the war. Every house has a room called a *mafraj*, the place with a view, reserved for qat chewing - and no wonder that the best way to chew qat is while watching Sana'a from above, as the whole city transforms into a maze of frosted gingerbread houses.

Sana'a has been the target of destruction from above ever since Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates, with help from the United States and Britain, launched an invasion in 2015. Today, millions are starving and/or afflicted with cholera in what was already the Arab world's poorest country as a result of the Saudi blockade, and Sana'a is under daily bombardment. These days, qat is not just a distraction, but a means of dulling hunger pains amid a manmade famine that is one of the world's worst humanitarian crises today.



Alex Shams
Sana'a, Yemen (2011)







Alex Shams
Sana'a, Yemen (2011)







Alex Shams
Sana'a, Yemen (2011)



ARIELLE WISBAUM

SELLING AGAINST ALL ODDS: THE STREET VENDORS OF NEW YORK

New York City is abloom with beautiful and diverse humans, food, music and architecture—that's no secret. For this we have the city's immigrant communities and entrepreneurial spirit to thank. To grab onto whatever is left of the American Dream, the city still champions the rags to riches story, *the grind*, the idea that anyone can land here and make it to the top, or at least *make it*. For decades, selling food, necessities and art on the streets—street vending—has been one of the primary ways for newcomers, or for anyone, to make it. But it's never been easy, and now thanks to the great beasts behind gentrification, it's harder than ever.

Kelebohile Nkereanya (Kele, for short) is a street vendor. She remembers how in her home country—Lesotho, Africa—her grandmother used to sell peaches, grapes, bread and clothes to community members. To Kele, vending on the streets has always been a successful way to earn a living while providing locals what they need, both in Lesotho and now in Manhattan. Her success makes sense—for much of modern American history, street vendors have supplied cities with low-cost, quality goods. The lack of food supply in low income and immigrant downtown areas led to booming street vendor communities in the early 20th century. In New York City, vendor markets were flooded with Jewish, Italian and Greek immigrants that were searching for ways to establish themselves and their businesses. Flash-forward to today and you'll find Egyptian vendors selling halal fare, Bangladeshi vendors selling biryani, Mexican vendors selling sliced mango and empanadas, Chinese vendors selling BBQ, African vendors selling incense and perfumes, and those like Kele, who make fresh produce and vitamins their main focus.

Kele says she feels privileged to feed her passion for healthy food by servicing the people of New York—vending affordable and nutritious meals to the community. But Kele is lucky. She was one of the last vendors to receive a food-vending permit before the city instated a 3,000 permit cap. Vendors need these permits to legally sell from their own carts. Currently, the average wait period to obtain a food permit is more than a decade. And vendors who wish to sell merchandise face even tighter permitting restrictions. The City Council capped the number of merchandise, or general vending permits, at 853 back in 1979. Army veterans and those selling art and books protected by the 1st Amendment are the only folks who can exceed this cap. Permit caps have led to a convoluted mess of a black market, where legal permit holders sell their permits to those who wish to vend at their own carts for thousands of dollars more than the city's price. A $200 permit may sell for $20,000. Vendors who can't gather the exorbitant funds are left with few options. They can vend at their own carts—but not legally. Vendors who go that route can face steep fines, and often have their products and carts confiscated by the city.

But that doesn't stop vendors like Lena, who continues to serve her community despite being sans-permit. Lena sells construction gear, cold beverages and snacks to the city's construction workers as they take their well-deserved breaks. Her creativity and entrepreneurship won't be stifled by the city's permit caps because others count on her to fill their grumbling bellies and supply new gloves when theirs get torn on the job. Despite functioning outside the city's new strictures, she knows she is needed...and she knows how to make a living.



But even vendors who do have permits know that obtaining that sought-after slip of paper is only half the battle. The Business Improvement Districts (BIDs) in New York— undeniable gentrifying machines—have a method of "beautifying" neighborhoods by forcing vendors out. More and more streets in New York are being closed off to vendors due to the BIDs' leverage; forcing permitted vendors to conquer a labyrinth bureaucracy to determine where they can sell legally. Even on unrestricted streets, there's a behemoth stack of rules providing cops and inspectors with unlimited options to slap vendors with tickets (including regulations such as): operating 20 feet from a door, 6-12 inches from a curb, 10 feet from a crosswalk... rules regulating bathroom usage, drinking water and tucking permits into shirts—plus an entire health code for food vendors to follow. These rules are lengthy and easily misconstrued. On top of it all, the NYPD is currently behind an Islamophobic bill to force vendors out of areas near the World Trade Center—claiming that the majority Muslim vendors present a security threat, and that they can "sneak bombs" into their carts. But customers and locals know that vendors are the eyes and ears of the city. They set up in the same spot every day. They know the community intimately and they are often the first to contact authorities when something seems out of place or when a pedestrian is injured.

Mohamed, who immigrated to the United States from Egypt in 2005 and has supported his family selling halal ever since, reported suspicious packages around Ground Zero three different times. And just down the street, Walid helps to keep a look out for lost or angsty tourists—he once helped to break up a fight.

When customers learned of the city's plan to force these vendors out, they all had similar responses: "not again"... "these are good people"..."where will I get my $2 coffee?" These customers rely on vendors. One customer says he needs Carlos, a fruit vendor on Barclay and Church St., to call up his wife and give her the "fruit report" every morning. And Mukhtar's cart, located right next to Carlos, supplies a drowsy crowd of folks heading into the office with their morning dose of coffee, doughnuts and some good humor to cap it off.

New York City needs its vendors, and no group makes that message more clear than the Street Vendor Project (SVP). The SVP was founded in 2001 by director Sean Basinski, a law student spending his summer break selling burritos in the streets. At that time, the Giuliani administration went on a citywide sweep closing streets to vendors, and Basinski got caught up in a wave of organizing. It was obvious that a centralized group of vendors was necessary to defend the right to sell in the streets, and the SVP filled that role.

The SVP is a membership-based organization, meaning that the group's 2,000 vendor members plan campaigns, direct actions and organize other vendors to become involved. One of their main goals is to get the city to lift the permit caps so vendors aren't forced to resort to the black market, and SVP functions both as an activist organization and a legal aid society for vendors. The group is there to fight the City Council's numerous attempts to restrict vendors rights; maneuvers often propped up by BIDs. Street Vendor Project is there to inform vendors of their rights and to defend vendors in civil cases when the health department or police slap them with tickets. SVP also works on a policy level, bringing to light the constitutional concerns raised by legislation, such as a proposed health department rule that would require GPS devices on vendors' carts. In an era where undocumented folks are targeted and surveilled by the government in myriad ways, the last thing immigrant vendors want is to be tracked with their carts.

Most importantly, the SVP is a community. Come to any member meeting and you'll find vendors' kids happily running around, yummy food—supplied by the vendors of course—and vendors listening to one of four simultaneous translations: Spanish, Chinese, Arabic, or French. At the end of the meeting, emergency fund buckets are passed around, where vendors support each other in case a member loses work, or is confronted with an extra pricey ticket.

If the city, or rather, if the BIDs and real estate moguls had it their way, all of these vendors would be displaced. The folks at the Street Vendor Project all know it. But the community at the SVP won't let that happen. They will continue to take to the streets to defend vendors' rights to earn a living, support their families and sell truly affordable goods. Power to the vendors!



Photos by the author and Street Vendor Project

REEM KASSIS
THE POWER OF FOOD

> I am a product of all the civilizations that have passed through the country— Greek, Roman, Persian, Jewish, Ottoman. Each powerful civilization passed through and left something behind. I am the son of all these fathers but belong to one mother…My mother is this land that absorbed them all, and was both witness and victim.
>
> Mahmoud Darwish

The Power of Food

A decade and a half ago, when I first left Jerusalem to start university in the United States, my mother insisted I pack a jar of za'atar and a bottle of olive oil in my suitcase. My initial frustration with what I saw as her desire to keep me rooted to our home gave way to gratitude when, a few weeks later, I woke up feeling homesick and craving my family's food and way of life. I rummaged for that jar of za'atar in my dorm room, and as soon as I twisted the lid off, the sharp smell wafted through the air. A quick inhale followed by a small bite and suddenly I was back in my mother's kitchen.

In hindsight, it's easy to understand how something as simple as the smell of food can be so powerful. Food, after all, is more than just sustenance. It is the most enduring element of individual and collective memory. It creates social bonds, marks cultural differences and establishes a sense identity. It tells the story of people over time. This is true not only on the individual level, but on the national one as well. Food culture plays a very important role in the creation of national identity, including a nation's collective memory, national psyche and desired political aspirations. There is possibly no aspect of existence more integral than eating— one of the most instinctive and basic human acts, that can reveal as much about the human condition, social and political beliefs, and a community's past experiences and future aspirations.

The Fluidity of Cuisine

Food culture, however, does not develop in a vacuum. Throughout history, cultures have continually and consistently borrowed and learned from one another. This evolution of food culture is a function of the landscape in which a community lives and the changes that happen to that landscape over time from climate, trade, and migration… wars, inquisitions and occupations. Nobody understood this quite as well as the Palestinian poet Mahmoud Darwish (quoted above) when he spoke about being the son of all his past "fathers."

Over the last few centuries, all cultures have changed, almost beyond recognition, by a flood of global influences. So if we refer to a culture as "authentic" meaning that it developed independently and consists of ancient local traditions free of external influences, then we are referring to something that no longer exists.

Take Italian cuisine, for example. Many of the first dishes that come to mind today when thinking of Italian food are heavily tomato-based such as lasagna bolognese, pizza and panzanella. Yet tomatoes are not native to Europe and, in fact, only reached the continent after the Spaniards conquered Mexico. Same applies to Spanish food itself. Tapas, some of the most recognized components of Spanish cuisine rely heavily on frying – think croquetas, patatas bravas and fried calamari/fish. The very use of oil for frying, however, was only introduced to Spain by the Moors, who also introduced the use of sugar instead of honey, and brought in the humble almond, now ubiquitously used in Spain for baking and desserts.

Although these are but two small examples, this kind of cultural integration is visible in almost all modern-day cultures. Yet, despite understanding this fluidity of food culture, we continue to talk about "authentic" cuisines, to write books about them, even to fight for them. This is in large part because food helps us define ourselves in relation to others and to build individual and collective memories, and by extension our national identity.

I personally embarked on a mission to "safeguard Palestinian cuisine" by publishing a book of "authentic dishes" passed down through generations of my family. Although this project started out as a desire to give my daughters – who were being raised outside their native country of Palestine – a sense of connection to their family and roots, as well as a way to enjoy our family's food and stories wherever they ended up in the world, a large part of it was also inspired by a desire to shed light on a population that is often mischaracterized. I also sought to correct misconceptions about what Palestinian food is or is not.

Food as a Marker of Identity

I wrote in the intro to my cookbook *The Palestinian Table*:

> Growing up, there was the food we ate at our kitchen table in Jerusalem, and the food we ate at my grandmothers' tables in their villages. It was delicious, it was made with love, and it was our food. But the thought of these foods making up a Palestinian Table was an elusive notion at the time. Not until I left home for another country did I grasp the undeniable importance of food to national identity and the intricacies associated with defining it.

It is often only in relation to others, and in seeing our differences, that we truly begin to grasp the concept of identity. Our national identity becomes more salient when we find ourselves in other nations or amidst other cultures. This identity also takes on more significance in cases where it is – or at least perceived to be – threatened. From the rise of the Zionist movement in the late 1880's to the 1948 and 1967 wars, a brief look at the history of Palestinians, although outside the scope of this paper, can quickly shed light on why a distinct Palestinian identity has grown in strength over the last two centuries. In the words of Palestinian poet Fawaz Turki who was born in Palestine but exiled after the 1948 war, then raised as a refugee in Beirut:

> For my own generation … our last day in Palestine was the first day that we began to define our Palestinian identity… It had never occurred to anyone to define it, or to endow it with any special attributes. Until we were severed from it.

Historically, under Ottoman rule, Palestine was simply perceived as part of Bilad Al-Sham (The Levant / Greater Syria) or present day Syria, Lebanon, Jordan and Palestine. Located at a crossroads and forming part of a geographic continuum

stretching back to pre-Ottoman times, it is impossible to deny the influence of the surrounding region on Palestinian cuisine or to delineate the exact origins of every single dish we enjoy. We share many dishes with Syria, Lebanon and Jordan, yet seldom do you see us contentiously debating their rightful owners or origins.

When it comes to Israel, however, the case is different because the issue is about much more than food; it is a proxy for the political conflict and for identity. The Zionist attitude of appropriation and deliberate – or at least desired – forgetting and rewriting of the past is what makes the issue of food much more sensitive. For Palestinians– who have been denied an independent and self-sufficient state, and whose national identity is constantly undermined– food remains one of the last ways with which to preserve our country; if not geographically, at least psychologically and emotionally. That is why attempts at appropriating or denying the Palestinian origin of Israeli foods are met with outrage. These actions are seen as an effort to undermine, rewrite or negate Palestinian identity.

The Issue of Israeli Food Appropriation

It is impossible to understand Israeli food culture without taking into account the environment in which and the people (the Palestinians) amongst whom it developed. Many early Zionist encounters with Palestinians were quite positive. Jewish immigrants had come to Palestine to establish a new 'national home' and a new Jewish identity. For the earliest settlers, the Arab-Palestinians resembled and represented the Jews of antiquity. In an effort to reconnect with their perceived ancient homeland and heritage, Zionists began to adopt Arab-Palestinian traditions, including their dress, music, agricultural practices and cuisine. Many of these initial encounters, which contained a mixture of both admiration and imitation, are what enabled the early Jewish population to truly localize in the land.

Soon after, however, there was a Zionist desire to create a separate, segregated political and economic society and to perpetuate the narrative of "a land without a people for a people without a land." Despite the initial familiarizing and integration with the indigenous Palestinian population, the new Jewish identity chose to dissimilate from and ostracize the Arab-Palestinian other. The outcome of this dissonance was an attitude of replacement, appropriation and deliberate overlooking and modification of the local history.

In the words of Professors Yonatan Mendel and Ronald Ranta, Israeli Jewish historians and food researchers:

> The mixture of romanticisation, admiration and imitation of the local Arab-Palestinian, together with a desire (overt or covert) to become a political replacement to this people, were evident processes throughout the Zionist immigrations to Palestine.

For the last several decades, this attitude has been apparent both locally and abroad. It is evidenced in the failure to mention Palestinian contribution to the 'new' Israeli food culture in most Israeli cookbooks as well as the deliberate omission of the word "Palestinian" in any description of food items (when absolutely necessary, the word "Arab" or "Shami" (Levantine) are used instead). It is also seen in the flagrant marketing abroad of food items adopted from the local indigenous Palestinians, such as hummus, za'atar and ka'ak al quds (Jerusalem sesame bagels) as Israeli. Ironically, the newly constructed Israeli food culture prides itself on being a byproduct of many influences and immigrant forces while failing to highlight the most important influence – that of the local Arab Palestinians.

One of the most striking examples of this is the so-called "Israeli Salad," a mixture of chopped tomatoes, cucumbers, herbs and olive oil which made its way into the Israeli kitchen through the Kibbutz mess halls where it was adopted from the Palestinian fellahin (farmers). Many Israelis even refer to the salad as "Salat Aravi" or "Arabic Salad" and Israeli Jewish food writer Gil Hovav once said, "This salad that we call an Israeli salad is actually an Arab salad, a Palestinian salad."

And yet, despite many people understanding the value of cultural adoption and exchanges, the Palestinian direct contribution to Israeli food culture is by and large expunged or marginalized. Although this is done for political and ideological reasons, it remains an unfortunate byproduct of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict as food need not be a point of contention, when it can instead be a framework and catalyst for change. A culture like the Israeli one that prides itself on its immigrant contribution should be able to acknowledge the main source of its culinary inspiration, namely that of the local indigenous Palestinian population.

Food as a Catalyst for Change

Indeed, food culture is ever-evolving and there is a constant diffusion and flow of cultural exchanges between populations. Our lives become richer as we learn and incorporate from all those whose paths we cross; our horizons are widened, our fears assuaged, as we learn about other cultures through their food. Food is not only a way to embrace other cultures and explore the world, it is also a way to define who we are in relation to others, and a way to build individual and collective memories. Realizing this helps us to see why the issue of Israeli appropriation of Palestinian food is such a contentious matter, but it also gives a crack of hope into how food may one day serve as a catalyst for change.

If food is to ever be a catalyst for real change and peace in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, however, it will not be by blindly accepting to sit together and break bread. Rather, it will be by creating a more comfortable environment in which we can share a table to address the uncomfortable questions: questions of occupation, oppression, and injustice; questions about appropriation, marginalization, and rewriting of the past, so that we may finally write a better future for our children.

Perhaps then one day, in a time of reconciliation between Jews and Palestinians, we will come not only to understand, but also to openly recognize, the benefit of cultural exchanges and integration and in the words of Mahmoud Darwish, "the Jew will not be ashamed to find an Arab element in himself, and the Arab will not be ashamed to declare that he incorporates Jewish elements."



MAYA AVIS
TYRES, GAZA (APRIL 6, 2018)



ZURI CAMILLE DE SOUZA
PLANTS AND OUR BODIES (EXCERPT FROM “DISTANT NATURE”)

Walking on the streets in Nablus is a pleasure—I found myself smelling, tasting and touching plants as powders, sweets, teas, syrups, pickles, preserves, pastes and perfumes. Dried vegetables hang garlanded besides brilliant magenta radishes and mounds of finely-chopped green spinach.

Deep purple aubergines and split orange pumpkins are sorted through by people looking to find the perfect vegetables for lunch. A cat runs across a table full of red tomatoes as old men sift through them. Velveteen bouquets of sage and thyme gather water droplets on an old wooden table.

The cardboard boxes thrown outside the stalls confuse me. They are printed with illustrations of smiling vegetables—often a selection of aubergines, cucumbers and tomatoes—in bright colours. Their names are printed in Hebrew and the addresses often correspond to those near or in illegal settlements. A farmer in Jericho repeatedly told me that they do not sell any produce from those farms in the wholesale market and that any vegetables sold from the settlements reach shops through private distributors. A person in Nablus that I talked to presumes that the farmers re-use discarded boxes to package their goods.

In Auja—as with many towns in the Jordan Valley—families had their own farms. They grew enough to feed themselves and sell produce in the markets, assuring a stable income and access to necessary nutrition. However, the growth of illegal Israeli settlements in the Jordan Valley led to severe water-scarcity in an area already subject to a seasonal dip in water reserves during the hotter months. Most people abandoned their land after finding their wells filling-up with saline water or emptying out—they are consistently denied permits to sink new wells deeper into the aquifers by the Israeli Civil Administration—and in a cruel but often repeated pattern have begun working in the illegal settlements as daily-wage labourers, earning far less than what they would earn on their family farms for longer hours without any financial security.

My friend from Jericho told me that in order to buy Palestinian produce, one only has to look at the size and shape of vegetables. The ones that look bigger, with perfect, homogenic shapes and shiny skins are often from the large settlement farms, whilst the local ones are smaller, wilder looking and still covered in soil.

The women I met in Nablus started a campaign to sell local produce within the market. Visiting shops and households, they started conversations with people about where their food was coming from, making plans and sharing advice on how people could support Palestinian agriculture, food-producers and small businesses financially.

A state of Israeli military occupation and the practise of industrial agriculture has led to a complex situation of urban and semi-urban socioeconomic challenges within a rural landscape. Through a layering of time, Israeli forces have illegally restricted Palestinian access to land, producing financial hardship and challenging climatic conditions causing people to grow increasingly distant—both in geographic location and perception—from their environment. Beyond the large-scale designed control over basic—life-giving—resources is the denial of a healthy symbiotic relationship and possibility of interaction with nature. Whilst Palestinians once lived with the landscape—or had the opportunity to be closer in touch with it—the Israeli occupation has drawn many individuals and communities into a complex relationship with nature based on its usefulness; its threats and its boundaries. The environment that people interacted with in myriad ways is now something controlling and oppressive; something that itself needs to be synthesized, managed and processed into financial remuneration, nutrition or tangible good.

Whilst trying to understand the abuse, neglect and disrespect of the natural world that was visibly present around me, I asked myself how someone could love or care for a landscape that is constantly negated, changed and deformed by politically-driven architectural interventions inflicted onto its physical surface. I believe that this is one of the reasons people begin to neglect their environment—this persistent removal[1] and pushing-away from nature reduces people’s relationships with the land to legend and story; through narratives, memories and dreams.

Considering the body as a porous, political landscape that is constantly interacting with its environment, through an intimate understanding of plants and ecology, perhaps we can reclaim biopolitical ownership over ourselves? By partaking in systems of healing and nourishing that we are actively involved in, can we reject economic and political control over our lives—chemically, physically and emotionally?

This could mean dedicating to a life of cultivation and agriculture, it could also mean setting up herbal clinics—like the ones I visited in Nablus—within different places, blending different forms of traditional ethnobotany and contemporary medicine or forming community-gardens within schools and in neighbourhoods where people have realistic opportunities to grow and share fresh produce and learn about nutrition. Evolving a curriculum centred around sustainability and ecology for young children within all schools; enforcing a legitimate boycott of all products that propagate a state of occupation whilst consistently providing affordable, ecological alternatives to those products. Creating training centers for agriculturists to develop

their knowledge within contemporary permaculture techniques; documenting and archiving local botany and ecology, as well as the geopolitical environment.[2]

We might be pushed further and further away from nature every day, yet the idea that natural things are good for us is present within our patterns of consumption. Personal care products speak of botanical extracts[3]; local, organic food is routinely idealized and green spaces add financial value to property-development projects. However, these actions are purely symbolic in the same way that water from the baptism site is considered holy regardless of its actual purity or ability to nourish. Without losing its sentiments of veneration, this symbolic holiness of the land must become a lived practice if we are to develop in a non-neoliberal, positive and healthy way. Caring for the natural resources around us are powerful and deeply enriching ways to reinforce our most basic rights—to happiness; to a healthy relationship with nature; to pleasure, good health and sensuality. However, such actions need also to be desirable and interesting, so that people genuinely feel like being involved.

My own relationship with plants is based on a fascination—with their ability to grow, heal and feed. The pleasure, nutrition and happiness with which they infuse my life leaves me both grateful and in constant awe. As I began studying the urban ecology of Jericho, I realized that a visual archive which fails to include the artificial components of the natural environment erases the political identity brought forth to the Jericho landscape by its alluvial soil; its fertility and its abundance of water, leading to a cold objectification and simplification of Nature, one that leaves me deeply uncomfortable. How do I consolidate a political herbarium, one that juxtaposes the materiality and texture of the landscape in its organic and non-organic forms, giving equal importance to both plastic and leaf within a geopolitical context? How do I speak of the sociopolitical identity of a flower?

As I try to answer these questions, I am led back to the beginning—to the creation of a new ecology that brings politics, industry and emotion to its core. Through knowledge and skill exchanges between rural and urban areas; projects in agriculture that are inclusive in the spaces chosen to implement them and the people they involve; ideas of design and development that are culturally-relevant; and an educational system that rejects neoliberal definitions of success, happiness and progress, we can form an ecology that brings us towards—rather than distances us from—nature. Whilst the ideas I share here are not new—there are numerous examples of how people have successfully done all of the things I mention—I emphasize the urgent need to bring such actions out of the alternative and into the mainstream; beyond the privileged urban community and into the popular common space. There is no doubt that a state of inequality must be persistently rejected until it gives way—the challenge is to do this in ways that are pleasing, restorative and sustainable for the individual and the larger ecological communities that we all part of.

[1] Through economic sanction, architectural barriers and military-blockades, as well as long-term land settlement and occupation policies.
[2] Most people in Palestine feel the quality of local products does not match up to the others'. This needs to be addressed through products that meet a certain standard, trust and expectation.
[3] In fact, products from the Dead Sea are a wonderful example; the sea has been mined, fenced-off and privatized so that the benefits of its waters and salts are accessible only to those who can afford them or access them. The ecological impact of its mining does not have any repercussions on those who buy its products, only on those who live in the dunes and deserts nearby.

Something to Excite You

Cooking lunch with a group of women in Nablus, I asked them what their herbal remedies were. The first one they divulged was an aphrodisiac salad that they shared with me, joking and laughing, but serious nonetheless.

Eruca sativa /جرجير/ Jarjeer / Arugula

A fresh bunch of arugula seasoned with lemon juice, olive oil, salt and sumac is a perfectly delicious, nourishing and energizing salad. Add in roasted pine nuts if you like.



Arugula

Something to Calm You Down

Vitex agnus-castus / حَبّ الفقد / Habb al-faqd / Chaste Tree

Used by monks to diminish their desire for centuries, Vitex is also used in herbal medicine to balance natural progesterone and luteinizing hormone production, encourage fertility within female-bodied people and soothe period pains. However, check with an herbalist before prescribing!



Monk's Pepper

Nicotina glauca



Malva





Papaya

NASSEM NAVAB

COVER PROTECT DECORATE (DIGITAL ILLUSTRATIONS AND TRANSPARENT VINYL, 2017)

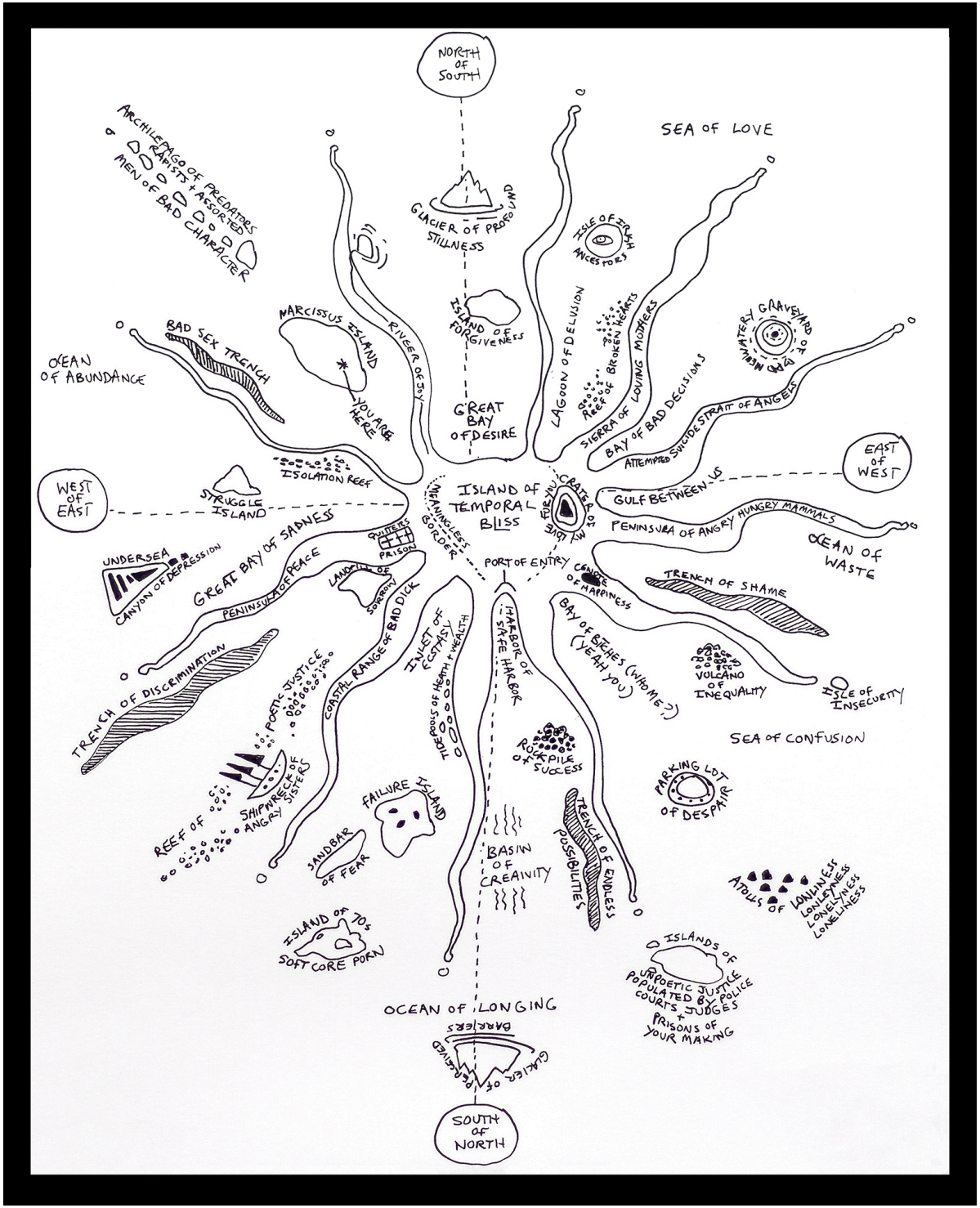
I am interested how this particular material, with its multiple purposes of 'covering', can form a critical discourse of a wide array of issues ranging from the policing of women's bodies to the social construction of one's identity. My intention for this piece is to draw out the tensions inherent between traditional and modern values, especially those of Islamic and Middle Eastern immigrant families living in the United States. The living room acts as an external exploration of a struggle in the pluralities that my own Iranian-American identity presents.





I appropriated the semiotics of the vinyl packaging itself into a sculpture, which instructs its users how to protect their furniture and women. "Cover, Protect, Decorate" is a 38ft long scroll comprised of transparent vinyl over tissue paper printed with packaging instructions. It reflects the 39 years since the Iranian Revolution which brought about the hijab law decreeing that women in Iran had to wear hijab or roosarie (headscarf) when in public spaces. The scroll includes the appropriated drawings of instructional symbols from the vinyl packaging juxtaposed to my own renderings of Iranian furniture and female figures that represent Iranian women from 1979 to present. This project forwards attitudes towards Iranian women as objects needing to be protected, covered and decorated in a post-Islamic Revolution era.

KITTY BROPHY
MAP OF ME
(INK ON BRISTOL PAPER, 2018)



JOSEPH PATTON
RIGOBERTA MENCHÚ (INK, 2016)
BERTA CÁCERES (INK, 2016)





LOGAN PHILLIPS
12 THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT MEXICO

Time is always moving, but poems stand still. Some poems become time capsules, holding a breath of air from the day they were interred. Most poems become portraits of the poet as they once were, an echo. This poem is both. I wrote "12 Things You Need to Know About Mexico" in 2004 while working on my undergrad at Northern Arizona University. I had just returned from studying abroad and had finally begun to be able to see the complex systems that connect Central Mexico and the Arizona-Sonora borderlands, where I had grown up. I wasn't able to understand the border until I saw it from the other side, just as I wasn't able to understand the United States until I lived in Mexico for the first time.

Demagoguery has long been endemic to border discourse. Politicians in Washington DC and México DF––both distant from the borderlands––use the border as trope; a lawless, mythical place. I've always had little faith in governments but much faith in people, and I found Memo's story to be more reflective of borderlands life as I had known it as a teen in the late 1990's. People were / are always moving, making the best for themselves and their families.

I met Memo as he drove me up a mountain in Michoacán in the fall of 2003. The story told in the poem is mostly the story as he had related it to me that afternoon. Neither of us knew then that Mexico was a few short years away from an explosion in violence that would change everything.

In December 2006 the newly elected President Felipe Calderon sent more than 6,500 Mexican soldiers to Michoacán in the opening action of his government's war against the drug cartels. Over the next decade and beyond, the number of soldiers involved would balloon to tens of thousands across the country. The amount of death has been staggering, in Michoacán and nationwide. According to a 2018 US Congressional Research Service report, there have been 150,000 intentional homicides. The Mexican government officially recognizes that over 33,000 people have been disappeared. The actual numbers are likely much, much higher.

Unfortunately the monarch butterflies have faired even worse. In the past 20 years their population has plunged by around 90 percent, due mostly to habitat loss in the United States and illegal logging in and around Michoacán.

Neither the humanistic story of "12 Things" nor the grim statistics of the past two decades define Mexico. Both are simplifications. The truth is more ugly, and more beautiful. The truth, as always, is in-between. The truth is best discovered in-person.

I read this poem now as a portrait of a young poet, early on his path of discovering. I read it as a reminder of hope; of the resiliance of people and ecological systems. I read this poem as a reminder of peace, as a breath of misty mountain air from a lifetime ago, scented with the golden sound of Memo's laughter and the murmur of pines.

Pima County Public Library, Valencia Branch
August 2018

12 Things You Need to Know About Mexico

The first thing you need to know about Mexico is not a thing or a place
He's a man more than a noun
and the man's name is Memo
Two more things you need to know:
Memo's 1983 Full Size Van
and how the man lives on butterflies

The fourth thing is that the most graceful way to cross the border
is not to jump the border
para cruzar la línea con gracia,
hay que volar
The most gracey-iest way of all
is to just flutter fly over on golden wings

Number five:
Every year tens of thousands of Monarch butterflies migrate
from Canada to Mexico,
2,500 miles by golden flutter fly fall mariposa monarca thousands the sky is blue
the wind is golden
Also part of number five is where these flutterflies arrive:
The mountains of Michoacán
which is where Memo lives
& Memo lives on butterflies
no, Memo does not eat butterflies, cabrones
he's much too clever for that because

Number six is the road
where everyday Memo drives his van full of tourists
into the mountains of mud and afternoon sun
where tourists shuttersnap and camcord butterflies thick like honey
in color & consistency

Seven: In order to buy his Van Memo left su marida
in Michoacán and lived the story
we should already know
In three days:
bus from central Mexico
pickup truck to
Number eight: his entrance to this state
at night hot secret with strangers, desconocido
In Tucson Memo got a job resurfacing freeways

Number nine months Memo resurfaced the 300 miles of Interstate 10
between Tucson & El Paso
and while butterflies in their paso
mostly flutter fly over the US and its deserts,
Memo was bound to this ground
Working in a monarch-colored bright orange vest and discovering what
exactly the American dream feels like under endless Mexican sweat
as the butterflies migrated effortlessly above him
The months passed this way & Memo returned home to his wife,

bought his van to take the tourists to the top of the butterfly mountain
& earn money for his family
This is Memo's story
but the tenth thing you need know about Mexico is you & I
are also part of Memo's story:
the top three moneymakers in the Mexican economy are
Oil, money sent back by immigrants like Memo and tourism

So number eleven is you
who gave Memo the money to buy the van
and you & me who went to see butterflies
golden flutter fly fall Mariposa Monarca thousands--

The twelfth thing?
I don't know, maybe you should go
and find out

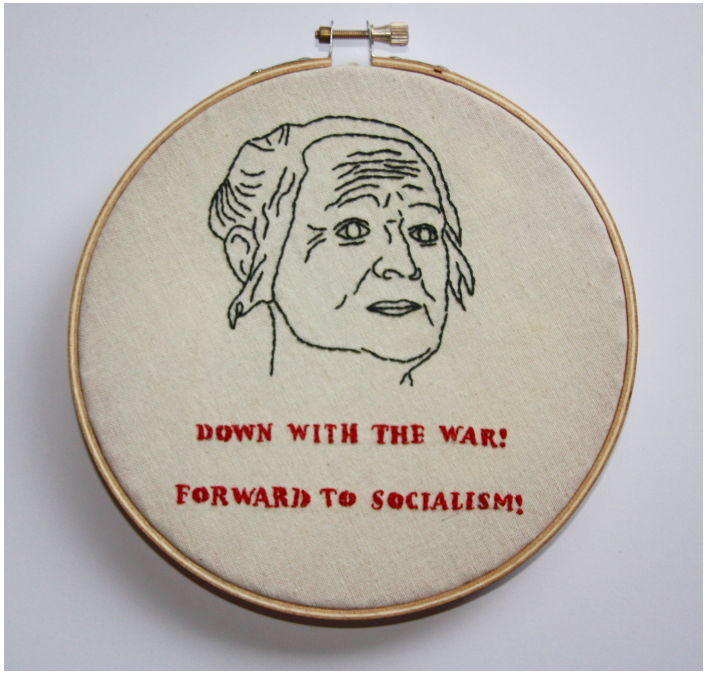
But the one thing you already do know about Mexico
is that people live there
people just trying to live
like you,
me,
Memo,
and if you do not believe we're all connected,
you got another thing coming
Golden flutter fly fall Mariposa Monarca thousands
the sky is blue you are
golden flutter fly fall Mariposa Monarca thousands
the sky is blue Memo is
golden flutter fly fall Mariposa Monarca thousands
the sky is azul on both sides we are golden

NICOLE MÖLLER GONZÁLEZ
FORWARD TO PEACE! FORWARD TO SOCIALISM!

In order to talk about peace one also needs to talk about resistance to war. For this issue of *You Are Here*, I conducted research on important events that were turning points for the socialist movements/parties of their time and that could inspire me to materialize some works on fabric and threads. I eventually chose three important events in our history:

1) World War I and the conference of important European socialists to build a class movement against war
2) World War II which was sadly not met with great organized resistance and allowed the rise of fascism and its crimes
3) The Vietnam War, which was confronted by one of the most important antiwar movements

Besides taking a look into these three events and learning from the failures and victories of each resistance, the three embroidery pieces I created should also be interpreted as a call to organize. Organize not only during times of war, but also in times of temporary "peace," times that are assuredly not violence-free.



Clara Zetkin- Down with the war, forward to socialism! (Cotton threads on linen, 16cm diameter, 2018)

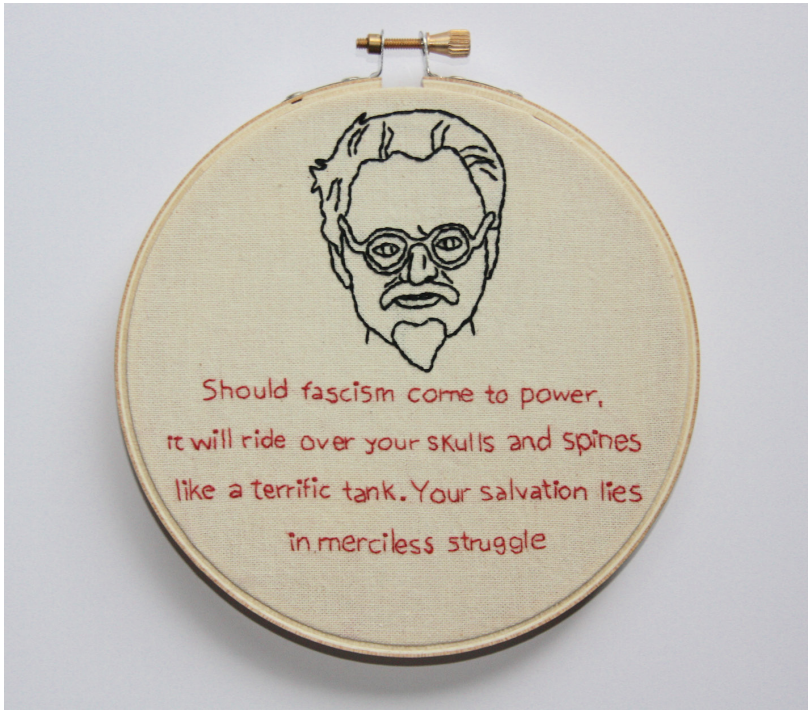
In 1915, eight months into WWI, socialist women from across Europe met for two days in Switzerland to appeal against the war. The conference was organized by German socialist and feminist, Clara Zetkin, who also wrote their final manifesto which appealed to peace. The document was largely distributed underground and laid the foundation for the so-called Zimmerwald Conference, an important international antiwar conference that would help prepare the revolutions that ended WWI.

The manifesto makes several important statements, e.g. on the purpose of war:

> The war serves the interests of the capitalists as a whole. The labor of disinherited and exploited masses produced heaps of goods that cannot be consumed by their creators. They are too poor; they cannot pay! The workers' sweat produced these goods; workers' blood is now shed to win them new markets abroad. Colonies must be conquered, where capitalists will pillage the earth's treasures and exploit the cheapest labor power.

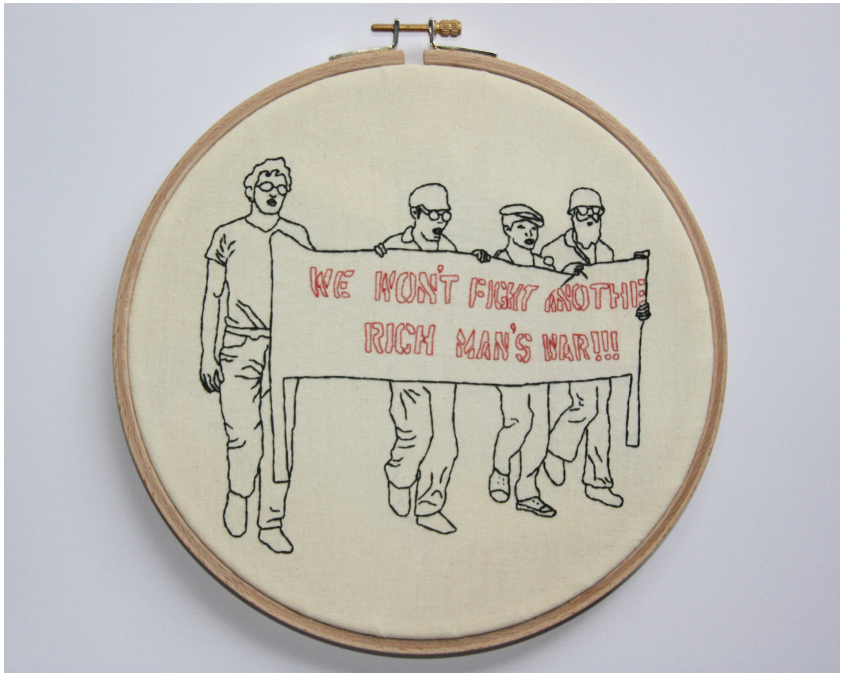
And on the ultimate solution to achieve peace:

> Join together in common purpose and common action. Proclaim in your millions what your sons cannot yet affirm: Laboring people of all countries are brothers. Only their common will can put an end to the slaughter. Socialism alone will assure the future peace of humankind. Down with capitalism, which sacrifices untold millions to the wealth and power of the propertied! Down with the war! Forward to socialism!



Leon Trotsky – For a workers united front against fascism (Cotton threads on linen, 14cm diameter, 2018)

The lessons we can take from Trotsky's analysis of fascism and how to defeat it are probably of great importance for many socialist activists today. Trotsky acknowledged the urgency and necessity of creating practical resistance against fascism before it could come into power, because once it came into power, it would be most probably impossible to defeat. This urgency led him to affirm that all left-wing, progressive forces in the German working class had to unite in a single, united front against fascism; a front between the Communist Party and the Social Democratic Party (SPD) that would be able to win and mobilize wider support against fascism. The united front, which had previously proven to be effective during the Russian revolution, should merge forces in the practical sense and not in an ideological sense with the reformists of the SPD. However, as we know now, this did not occur and Hitler came into power with little resistance.



Vietnam war - Veterans protesting the war (Cotton threads on linen, 23cm diameter, 2018)

The iconic image of a large group of war veterans protesting the Vietnam war around 1970 with the banner "We won't fight another rich man's war." It summarizes the feelings many Americans shared during this time of organized resistance. Probably the most notorious thing about the historic photograph is the clarity of the statement in which war is considered having nothing to do with a so-called defense of a nation and its citizens, but rather with a matter of power, imperialism, ideology, racism etc.

The Vietnam War resulted in millions of deaths and cost billions of dollars. It sparked worldwide moral indignation and outrage. The antiwar movement started small in numbers concentrated mostly in universities across America. By 1969, the move-

ment included underground newspapers, mass protests and many students were arrested or expelled. The growing mass opposition coalesced a range of social classes. There were also revolts in the US Army. Influenced by the Civil Rights Movement, many enlisted working class African-Americans became more unwilling to fight for a racist army and government. In 1972, over a quarter of US soldiers had mutinied or defied orders, and scores turned to drug use in order to bear the atrocities they were witnessing or participating in. These are just slivers of the immense human toll of endless war.

The mass antiwar movement was able to wholly unmask the supposed war against communism as the United States' ruling class pursuit of profits and imperialist domination. So what can that movement teach us today? The necessity to organize a massive movement from below to oppose war and debunk its disguises.

If we seek peace that is a constant and stable state of being, we cannot shy away from criticizing the system that necessarily fuels it. The capitalist system we live in works, bluntly put, on the basis of exploitation of labour and competition. Growth, development and "progress" are sold to us as peaceful undertakings— somehow mysteriously governed by the laws of the market. However, this is far from reality. Economic competition has driven industries to transform into international monopolies or oligopolies, evermore intertwined with states and their forces. Corporations and those in power seek unbridled expansion and self-preservation. War drives defense, defense drives war. We cannot cave into the racist, xenophobic and nationalist norms reproduced and protected by the ruling class. We must continue to organize and fight against exploitation, competition and the military industrial complexes that fuel forever wars.

LÉOPOLD LAMBERT
ALGIERS (JULY 2018)

Algiers' architecture in one photograph: on walls designed by Brazilian architect in political exile Oscar Niemeyer at the Architecture and Urban Design Polytechnic School, the historical slogan of the Algerian Revolution "Un seul heros, le peuple" (Only One Hero, The People). The slogan was born after the spontaneous insurrection of December 1960 in Algiers and other large cities of the countries against the French colonial rule. It is a symbol of how architecture and politics can never be dissociated.



ARTISTS & AUTHORS

Alex Shams is a writer and PhD student of Anthropology at the University of Chicago. His research focuses on urban space, religion and gentrification in the Middle East. He is also an editor of Ajam Media Collective, an online space focused culture and politics in Iran and Central Asia.

Anna Leah Eisner likes to dance, a lot. Sometimes this comes in the form of writing. She is currently a Fulbright English teacher in Osh, Kyrgyzstan and is learning about Central Asia. She somehow adopted a cat and is now learning about cats too. She is a native of Los Angeles, and is figuring out how to keep the ocean inside her wherever she goes.

Arielle Wisbaum is in her second year of law school at Cornell Law, where she focuses her studies on public interest law and social movement lawyering. She spent her most recent legal internship working at the Street Vendor Project at the Urban Justice Center in New York City, where she helped organize campaigns and represent vendors in their quest for justice amidst gentrification and harassment in the city. Arielle is also the Co-President of the National Lawyers Guild at Cornell, an association of activist lawyers and law students in the U.S. and is the Vice President of Cornell's Public Interest Law Union. Upon graduation, Arielle plans to practice law centered around immigration and civil rights.

Chase Lang grew up in Baltimore, MD before leaving art school to tour with musicians as a sound engineer and tour manager for the better part of a decade. He now studies Art and Visual Culture Education at the University of Arizona and runs the independent community media group Radio Free (radiofree.org), among other community endeavours. Visit his website: chaselang.com

David Yetman is a research social scientist and has been at the Southwest Center since 1992. He received his doctorate in philosophy from the University of Arizona in 1972. Yetman's research has been primarily directed towards the state of Sonora, its indigenous people, their history and how they have incorporated native resources into their lives. His books include *Sonora: An Intimate Geography* (1996); *Scattered Round Stones: A Mayo Village in Sonora, Mexico* (1998); *Guarijíos of the Sierra Madre: Hidden People of Northwest Mexico* (2002); and *The Ópatas: In Search of a Sonoran People* (2010). He has also written extensively on native uses of plants in Sonora. In addition to his writing, Yetman served for nine years as host for the PBS documentary television series "The Desert Speaks" and currently produces and hosts the PBS series "In the Americas with David Yetman." He received Emmy Awards in 2007 and 2014 for his documentary television work.

Joseph Patton is an illustrator living in Berkeley, California. His illustrations have recently appeared in the anthology *World War 3 Illustrated* by AK Press. He is interested in working on artistic projects that support grassroots struggles for justice. You can find his work at josephkpatton.com.

Kimi Eisele is a writer and multidisciplinary artist in Tucson. Her writing has appeared in *Guernica*, *Orion*, *High Country News*, and other publications, and has covered art, the environment, health, culture, youth, and the borderlands. Her debut novel, *The Lightest Object in the Universe*, is forthcoming in 2019 from Algonquin Books. Kimi's performance work explores human-nature relationships involving storytelling and public participation in site-specific venues. She founded *You Are Here* in 1998 while earning her MA in geography. (KimiEisele.com)

Kitty Brophy was born in Los Angeles, CA. After graduating from high school in Phoenix, AZ, she moved to New York City in 1978 to attend Parsons School of Design. She quickly became involved in the East Village art, music, fashion and performance scene centered around the legendary Club 57 on St. Mark's Place and The Mudd Club on White St., in collaboration and conjunction with such notable friends as Kenny Scharf, Keith Haring, Ann Magnuson, John Sex, and Tseng Kwong Chi. During this period, Kitty worked as a fashion model doing print, runway, and video in New York and Paris working with a number of now legendary designers and photographers. She also starred in numerous early art videos filmed by Kenny Scharf. Kitty currently lives and works in Tucson, Arizona. To see more of her art, visit kittybrophy.com

Léopold Lambert is the founding editor of *The Funambulist*, a magazine dedicated to the politics of space and bodies. He is a trained architect, as well as the author of three books that examine the inherent violence of architecture on bodies, and its political instrumentalization at various scales and in various geographical contexts (Palestine, Paris banlieues, etc.). His current research focuses on a spatial history of the French states of emergency.

Logan Phillips is a bilingual poet, performance artist and DJ based in Tucson, Arizona. Born in Cochise County, Arizona to a family of Irish-Slavic ancestry, Phillips lived in and around Mexico City 2006-2011, where he contributed to organizing and hosting the country's first regular poetry slam series. He has regularly performed in venues across the U.S., Latin America and beyond since 2007 and is author of the full-length book of poems *Sonoran Strange* (West End Press, 2015).

Marcy Ellis draws inspiration from flora, the natural world and the female form. A childhood split between rural agriculture and a suburban planned community set in the open desert, Marcy was immersed in the beauty and simplicity of nature at a young age. Currently residing in Tucson, Arizona, she teaches Elementary Art and freelances full time. She holds a BFA in Studio Art and a BFA in Art Education from the University of Arizona. You can find her work at marcyellis.com and view more of her process on Instagram @marcyellis

Marissa Johnson is a lover of rocks, minerals, all biological entities (except spiders- they are merely appreciated) and explores the meaning of science and art in her everyday life. She is an ardent spreadsheet-builder (capricorn/sun), values deep and profound insights (scorpio/moon) and enjoys dressing up her house with beautiful treasures (cancer/rising). She taught high school science for four years and now co-owns the printshop, CREAM with her husband. She has lived in Arizona all her life.

Maxwell Lukas Mijnlieff Gay is an artist from the occupied territory called Tucson, Arizona. His practice includes photography, printmaking and New Media art processes as a form of investigative contact with the world. Maxwell is mostly concerned with art as a means of capturing fragments of the complicated intersections of history and the contemporary moment. In addition to his personal practice, he is also a founding member of Ojalá, a radical collective of artists, criminals and digital revolutionaries. He can be found wandering the early hours of the morning with a camera, deep in the print lab, or online at @mylkxweed, @ojala.systems and maxwellgay.com

Maya Avis is a PhD candidate in the Department of Anthropology and Sociology at the Graduate Institute, Geneva. She previously studied at SOAS in London. She is a legal anthropologist working on questions of legal hierarchy in Palestine/Israel, with

a particular focus on Palestinian (Bedouin) land claims and home demolitions in the region. Her thesis is based on extensive ethnographic work conducted on and off, since August 2012. She is a scholar in residence at the Center for Human Rights and Global Justice at NYU.

Menat Allah El Attma emigrated from Egypt to the United States at the age of seven in November 2005. Now a 20-year-old undergraduate student studying English at UC Berkeley, she often thinks of her extended family who remain in Egypt. In April 2018, Menat bought her first camera. With it, she hopes to demonstrate how contemporary photography transcends past attempts of 'capture and display' into a digital medium that transforms the ways we connect with one another.

Nassem Navab is a New Media artist informed by her Iranian American identity who critically engages with a wide array of social issues, from the policing of women's bodies, to self-expression and identity. She currently resides in Tucson, Arizona and is pursuing an MFA at the University of Arizona. Navab received her BA in Interdisciplinary Computing Arts and Media from University of California, San Diego in 2014.

Nazin Ciziri graduated from Istanbul University in 2016 with a Bachelor's Degree in English Language Teaching. She was a Fulbright grantee during the 2017-2018 academic year at the University of Arizona as Foreign Language Teaching Assistant in Turkish. She is currently in the Masters program in English at Uppsala University in Sweden.

Nicole Möller González is a former student of natural resource management at the Humboldt University of Berlin, currently waiting to be admitted as a PhD student to study the interrelationship between trade unions and climate justice. Born and raised in Costa Rica (currently living in Chile), she lived and studied for nine years in Germany where she was an active member of the Students for Democratic Socialism (DieLinke.SDS). She is currently starting her small artivism project (mostly on Instagram) called @stitching_for_the_masses and dedicates her time to "socialist embroidery."

Noah Silber-Coats is a PhD student in the School of Geography and Development at the University of Arizona. His research and teaching focus on place-based inquiry into questions of environmental governance, including water, energy, agriculture and conservation in various contexts throughout North America. His work can be found in *Water Alternatives*, *Energy Policy*, terrain.org and nacla.org.

Public Works Studio is a Beirut-based multidisciplinary research and design studio that engages critically and creatively with a number of urban and public issues. The studio initiates projects that study, shape and implement counter-strategies to urban planning and policy making in Lebanon. It also offers commissioned professional services in graphic design, architecture, development planning and consultancy within a communal work environment. The team includes urbanists / designers Nadine Bekdache, Abir Saksouk and Monica Basbsous.

Rami Abi Rafeh graduated with a Masters in Migration Studies from Lebanese American University. During his free time, Rami connects with his city Beirut by walking around and taking pictures. He takes photographs using his iPhone and edits them on VSCO. Rami tries to capture the chaos in the city by exploring the intersection between public and private space. Rami is also an electronic music DJ and is currently working on his first EP.

Reem Kassis is a Palestinian writer and author of the James Beard nominated cookbook *The Palestinian Table*. She was born and raised in Jerusalem and later moved abroad where she obtained graduate degrees from The Wharton School and The London School of Economics. A former business consultant, she now uses the power of food and storytelling to share the rich Palestinian culture with the world. Her first book *The Palestinian Table* was named one of NPR's best books of 2017 and has been featured in *The New York Times*, *New York Magazine*, *Saveur*, *Travel + Lesiure*, *The Guardian* and *The Independent*. It was nominated for the Andre Simon Award, The Edward Stanford Award and The Palestine Book Awards. It was a winner in the Gourmand World Cookbook Awards and won The Guild of Food Writers First Book Award 2018.

Zuri Camille de Souza is an urban ecologist, graphic designer and writer. After studying Human Ecology in Maine, she taught at ISDI Parsons. Her research explores nature and architecture within cities; how food and agriculture are woven into cultural identities and the political contexts of botany. She has set up community-gardens in Palestine (South Hebron hills) and worked on the urban ecology of Istanbul and Bombay. She is cofounder of A-1 publishers, a-1publishers.com, and is currently in Lesvos, working on community-agriculture and independent publishing within the refugee camps on the island.

A Note About The Font

Manifold DSA is the font used by the Democratic Socialists of America. The tone and messaging of this organization strives to "create an anti-capitalist message that is as inclusive as possible and stands against racism, sexism, xenophobia and all forms of discrimination." The message of Democratic Socialists is the belief that "both the economy and society should be run democratically to meet human needs, not to make profits for a few."

For more information, visit dsausa.org